

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXIV. No. 1633.

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'The Pigeons', one of Picasso's series of paintings concerned with the theme of Velázquez's 'Las Meninas'. John Golding reviews the Picasso exhibition at the Tate Gallery, London, on page 52

Rapid Change in Cuba

By Daniel Coughlin

How Big is an Elephant?

By G. W. Scott Blair

The Retreat from the Word

By George Steiner

Private Wants and Public Tradition

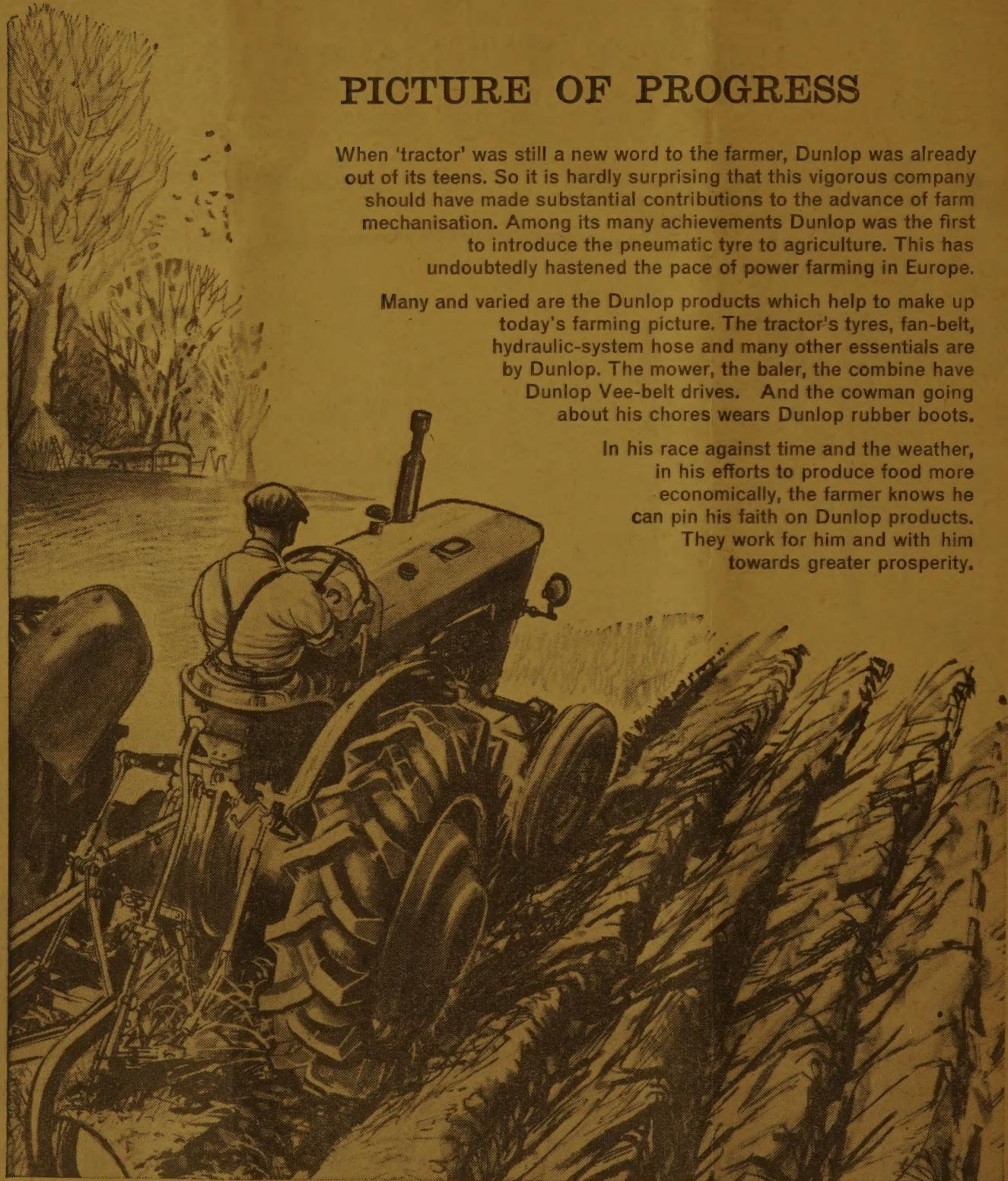
By R. S. Peters

Farming the Sea

By R. J. H. Bevertton

Watteau's 'The Music Party'

By Michael Ayrton



PICTURE OF PROGRESS

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DUNLOP MAKES THINGS BETTER FOR EVERYONE

The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1633

Thursday July 14 1960

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AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Problem before Mr. Gaitskell

By GEOFFREY GOODMAN

THE real problem that faces the leaders of the Labour Party after last week's conferences of the National Union of Railwaymen and the Miners is this: can the official policies on both defence and domestic 'new thinking' survive the annual Party conference in the autumn?

Mr. Gaitskell is facing a twin challenge from those who demand Labour support for unilateral nuclear disarmament and also the retention, unchanged in any way, of the crucial phrase in Clause 4 on the Party constitution dealing with the common ownership of the means of production, distribution, and exchange.

At the moment the chances of the Party leadership surviving on both these issues are almost nil. It is just possible that Mr. Gaitskell can defeat the 'unilateralists', provided one of the big unions switches its votes; but there seems no chance at all of the conference accepting the newly worded Clause 4 which, while containing all the old phraseology, concedes that a future Labour government would have to live in a mixed economy for some time to come.

Naturally, these two issues—nuclear weapons and Clause 4—caused all the excitement at this week's conferences of the railwaymen and miners. In both cases the delegates voted against any tampering with the now symbolic Clause 4. But on nuclear disarmament the N.U.R. went one way, the miners another. The railwaymen—by just one vote—lined themselves up with the transport workers, the engineers, the

shop workers, the electricians, and many others in support of unilateral action to renounce nuclear weapons.

The miners, on the other hand, decisively rejected this and made it clear that they are ready to support official Labour policy which has just been revised—and which in fact goes some way to meeting the unilateralists' argument.

One might wonder why railwaymen swing more readily to the 'Aldermaston idea' than miners. There are of course serious dangers in the over-simplification of motives when trying to analyse trade-union thinking. But I suppose traditional attitudes have much to do with it. The N.U.R. has a long record of anti-war feeling and many of its top officials, over the years, have been pacifists. The miners, by contrast, have always been a tough, militant group, who for years were involved in a desperate industrial war, and equally have been proud of their own considerable military reputation in bloodier wars.

Even so I do not regard these factors as decisive, because there are so many tangled political emotions and attitudes involved in this question of nuclear weapons that it would be foolish to ascribe uncomplicated motives to any group. The significance of the miners' and railwaymen's conferences is that they are the last of the individual union meetings of the season—at least of the major unions.

It is now possible for the political statisticians to take out their slide rules and calculate, to within a few thousand votes, which way the policy decisions are likely to go at the Trades

Union Congress, in September, and at the Labour Party conference three weeks later. It is this facility which makes the future prospect look so ominous for Mr. Gaitskell. So far the unilateralists are leading by just over one million votes, while the opposition to any Clause 4 amendments has now collected a majority of over two million votes. So the inescapable conclusion Mr. Gaitskell must draw from this is that his proposals to change the constitution—already approved by the Party Executive—will be defeated if it goes to a vote at the Party conference. In fact this prospect has become so plain after the N.U.R. and miners' votes that several trade-union leaders, who are loyal supporters of the Party leader, are advising him to shelve the Clause 4 issue for the time being.

The nuclear weapons controversy is more delicately balanced. There is still a chance that the Party leadership can survive the onslaught of the nuclear disarms—though much seems to depend on the tactical adroitness of some of the union leaders. If one large union switched its vote the situation could be changed—but this is speculation. What one can say with certainty is that Hugh Gaitskell has some anxious months ahead pondering what the Party leaders should do if the conference defies them and votes for unilateral nuclear disarmament.

The new number of the *Political Quarterly* (Stevens, 8s. 6d.) is entirely devoted to the present position and future of the Labour Party.

A Tribute to Aneurin Bevan

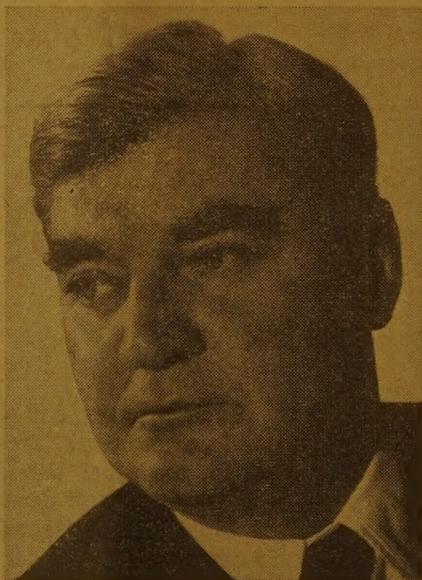
By FRANCIS WILLIAMS

ANEURIN BEVAN was one of the great originals of politics. The fortunes of political life did not give him such opportunities for commanding achievement as they did Lloyd George or Churchill or Ernest Bevin, but it is of such men that one thinks when one tries to assess him. He was, like them, a personality commanding affection and provoking sharp controversy, who towered among most of his contemporaries by the sheer colour of his personality.

When one thinks of him one thinks above all of his zest for life, his abundant infectious enthusiasm for all manner of things. I remember going to see him when he was Minister of Health; he was neck-high in acute controversy about the Health Service, but suddenly he flung it all aside and said: 'Ah, Francis, but you should see my baths'; and dragging me behind a screen, he showed me what looked like a small ironmonger's shop spread out on the floor. 'Did you ever see better baths in your life?' he said, 'and the Royal Ordnance factory can produce them by the thousand; that's practical politics for you'.

He was a great man to quarrel with, giving and taking hard knocks and not particular where the blows fell. In his public speeches he flung out bitter and wounding taunts, whose effect, one suspects, often surprised him. But there was no real bitterness in his personality. He once said to me: 'There's no immaculate conception of disaster', and in a sense that was true of himself. He flung away some of his own opportunities because he could not find it in his heart to trammel his own exuberance, even when to do so would have been to his own advantage. He had come up the hard way, fighting for the miners among whom he had been born in the Welsh valleys; and he could never forget it. He was bitter on their behalf, not on his own, and when he fought for them he fought to hurt.

He was an artist in politics, not a scientist, and this was particularly so in his oratory. When he spoke he was, in a sense, a



Aneurin Bevan, who died on July 6 at the age of sixty-two

captive of his own delight in words; he could no more suppress a phrase that came dancing into his mind and delighted him with its audacity than a poet can destroy his best lines—even though to say it might prove politically dangerous. When he spoke, emotions surged out of him like malevolent high explosives; his whole stance—the jutting jaw, the stabbing finger—was expressive of ruthless force, only to dissolve at the appropriate moment into a gay, derisory, pointed wit, preceded by a slight stutter that warned those who knew him what was to come. He was a man it was easy to be angry with in public, impossible not to warm to in private. And in the end this tremendous personal quality of warmth and colour and humanity got through to those who only knew him as a public name. He brought to life a vigour, a power of the imagination, a passion for human dignity, and a talent for derisory invective that lifted the spirits and warmed the heart.

He was not always a very wise politician, but he was a superb, a delightful, human being.—'Today' (Home Service)

THE LISTENER NEXT WEEK

will be an enlarged

ROYAL SOCIETY NUMBER

It will contain the full text of the tercentenary address by Sir Cyril Hinshelwood, O.M., President of the Royal Society, which is being given in the Royal Albert Hall next week and broadcast in the B.B.C. Home Service

It will also include two Third Programme talks: 'The Early Days of the Royal Society' by Sir Geoffrey Keynes, and 'Philosophers and Witts' by Michael Hoskin

The first two talks in an important series by Fellows of the Royal Society, 'Prospect of Science', also in the Third Programme, will appear in the same special number. These are by A. B. Pippard and Denys H. Wilkinson

The Royal Society number of 'THE LISTENER' will also contain its usual articles on other subjects

Ask your newsagent to reserve your copy each week

Rapid Change in Revolutionary Cuba

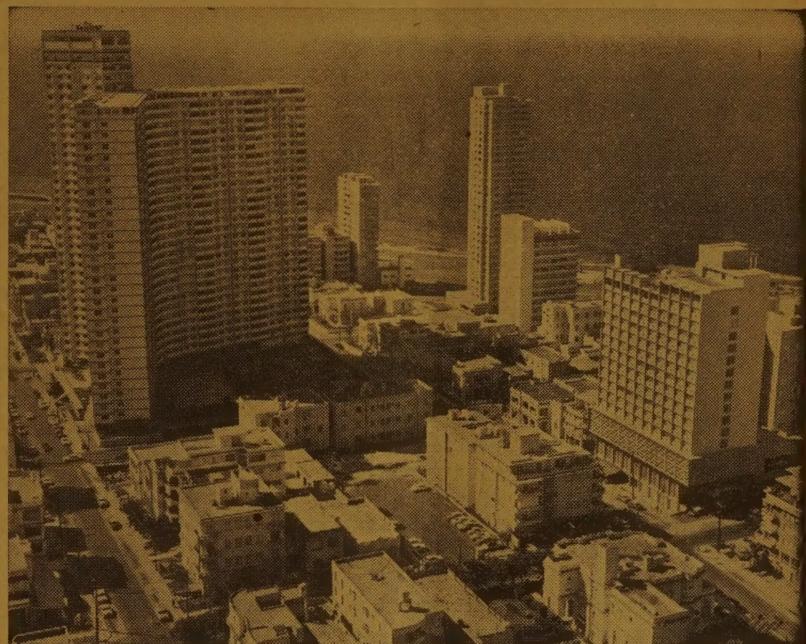
By DANIEL COUNIHAN, B.B.C. special correspondent in Havana

IN the few months that have passed since I was last in Cuba at the beginning of the year, events have been moving more rapidly than at any time since the revolutionary Government of Dr. Fidel Castro was brought into power. In many ways the political and economic picture has become much clearer. The outstanding development is the almost complete breakdown of relations between the Cuban Government and the United States with whom, for more than half a century, Cuba has been linked closely by all manner of mutual interests, but more especially by her economic dependence on the United States, the purchasers of sugar, her chief product, and by the large amount of United States business and financial activity in the island itself. The revolutionary Government has for a long time resented these links and for better or worse sought to break them; its contention is that they made Cuba, in effect, little more than an American colony. However this may be, the swift developments of the past few days have all but ended them. The question that remains is: where does Cuba go now, what kind of a country is she becoming?

That can be partly answered by examining some of the changes I have noticed in Cuba since I was last here. The most significant are the great increase in control, surveillance, and guidance by the state throughout the life of the people; the growing power and size of mass organizations which support the revolutionary Government and in exceedingly active ways promote its policies; the almost complete disappearance of normal vehicles for articulate opposition to the Government—and yet, paradoxically, clear signs that such opposition exists and is growing, although equally clearly most Cubans, and especially the ordinary working people, are solidly behind Dr. Fidel Castro and the select group of revolutionary leaders who form the all-powerful inner ring of government.

To take first the matter of the state's growing power: this is exercised in all sorts of ways, but especially in the economic field. In internal matters it works mainly through an organization called the Central Planning Board and most basic industries are in one way or another under state control. So is nearly all of Cuba's foreign trade, through the operation of an organ of the revolutionary Government called the Foreign Trade Bank. Another powerful body is what used to be called the Ministry for the Recovery of Stolen Property, which is now a Department of the Cuban Treasury. This administers businesses and properties confiscated from people held to be implicated in misbehaviour by the Batista dictatorship; it also controls property belonging to Cubans who have left the country.

Next, the mass organizations. The most noticeable of these are the militia groups—workers', peasants', and students' militia, which can be seen drilling in the streets of Havana—and in most towns and villages, I am told—almost any evening. The militia are officially part of the Cuban army; they could be compared with the war-time Home Guard in Britain, though they are much younger, and one sees women among them as well as men. At all events, their official purpose is defence against expected aggression. When I was here before, the likely aggressor was supposed to be the Dominican Republic;



Havana seen from the air

now, apparently, the United States is given this role. Other important mass organizations are trade union groups, whose rallies and mass meetings frequently provide the occasion for speeches by Dr. Castro and other revolutionary leaders. Their present development is an interesting one, because the main support for the revolution in its early days and when it was fighting in the mountains came not from them but from the peasants and from the middle-class intellectuals. Nowadays their leadership and control has by one means or another come into the hands of staunch adherents of the Castro movement.

Finally, what of the opposition? That it exists and that to some extent it has existed within the revolution itself is presumably shown by the recent rather dramatic defections or dismissals of a number of Cuban ambassadors. Against one of these the Cuban Government is alleging acts of financial dishonesty, but there has been no attempt to make charges of this kind general. At the Cuban Foreign Ministry I was told that a re-organization of the Foreign Service was in progress. At first, it was explained, the Foreign Service had to be recruited from older men with some diplomatic experience; some of these people had become 'frightened of the revolution'. So now young men, who understood the revolution properly, would be sent to represent Cuba abroad. It seems certain, however, that the defection of one at least of the old ambassadors must have a marked influence on public opinion: Dr. Mira Pardola, Ambassador Designate to the U.S.A., who has sought asylum in the Argentine Embassy, was a highly respected figure of the revolution, a Catholic intellectual, a lawyer of eminence, and the revolution's first Prime Minister. A man of this stature cannot act as he did last week without causing a ripple.



Women students from Havana University drilling as militia: from a 'Panorama' programme on B.B.C. television earlier this year

—*From Our Own Correspondent*
(Home Service)

Private Wants and Public Tradition

By R. S. PETERS

WE have a highly specialized society and we are often warned that we are developing not merely two nations but a league of nations without a common culture and shared ideals. This should not surprise us; for where are such unifying ideals to be fostered? The study of literature, history, and the classics has had to be cut down to make room for the vast expansion in scientific education without which our society cannot survive, and the Church is rapidly losing the authority it once had as the source of unifying ideals. We tend to treat the doctor who looks after our bodies and the psychiatrist who looks after our minds with more respect than we treat the priest who advises us about our souls—if we still think we have one. For they are scientists; and it is scientists who are now coming to be thought of as repositories of wisdom about the mysteries of life.

This general trend explains why the educationist sometimes inclines his ear towards a new expert, the psychologist, when he is at a loss to find new unifying educational ideals to replace the old religious ones. There is thus much talk in educational circles of 'the mental health of the child', 'wholeness', 'integration', 'adjustment', and all that sort of thing. We no longer talk of turning out Christian gentlemen; we talk of letting people develop mental health or mature personalities. Indeed in America Freud's priestly role is much more explicitly acknowledged. Philip Rieff, for instance, in his recent book called *Freud, the Mind of the Moralist**, sees Freud as the prophet of 'psychological man', the final product of the quarrel of Western man with his own spirit. The classical legacy of political man, he declares, is an archaism; the Christian legacy of religious man has been repudiated; and experience has revealed the emptiness of the optimistic liberal picture of economic man. Freud heralded the advent of psychological man, the egoist trained in cautious prudence.

Freud and U.S. Intellectuals

This estimation of Freud's role as a moralist may bear witness to the great influence of Freud on American intellectuals; to an Englishman it sounds somewhat quaint—rather like regarding Marx as the prophet of the health services. Nevertheless the general trend is with us, as is shown in the frequent references to psychological notions such as 'mental health' in discussion about educational ideals.

What, then, is the nature of such ideals and how far can the psychologist take us in justifying them? He would, presumably, have to start from generalizations about human nature. But his initial difficulty is to give much in the way of content to the concept of a general human nature. There is an obvious sense, of course, in which we must, like Aristotle, assume such a general human nature; but this is a formal conceptual framework lacking specific content. Men, we would say, have wants, but reason about them; they deliberate and choose and impose rules on them; they adopt plans and schedules. They are not just drawn towards goals like moths towards a light. But such an account merely articulates the sort of means-ends concepts that are necessary for describing what a man is doing; the content of the scheme is filled in by reference to the standards of particular societies. That which a man wants, that for the sake of which he acts, his end, is something that has been picked out and named as a result of a particular social life which has reached the level of describing, explaining, and justifying what a man does. Dogs can only be said to wait for their dinner by analogy with men; for it is the framework of rules and standards that converts a substance into 'food' and which makes it part of our 'dinner'; and it is by reference to ends like 'eating dinner', 'getting married', and 'getting promotion' that we give content to our explanatory schemes. What we call 'human nature' will therefore vary from society to society; and there is not much future in trying to erect any universal standards of what

is good for man on that basis, unless we have in mind an ideal such as 'adjustment'. But a man could be perfectly 'adjusted' if he conformed to the standards of a nazi society; and few psychologists would want to hold up the nazi mentality as an ideal of mental health or of the good for man.

The 'Wish' as a Common Heritage

As a matter of fact, if a case is to be made for a common human nature which does not depend on a common social heritage, this would have to be made at the level of the bare wish rather than at the norm-ridden level of wants. For 'wish' is not connected in the same way as 'want' is with the notion of means to an end. We can wish for things like the moon without any idea of how to get them and we can wish for things which are in themselves logically impossible—like a colleague of mine who wishes that he were monogamously married to eight women at once. But these are not things that a man could *want*. Perhaps in such wild, unruly, undifferentiated urges is something that might be called a common nature; but we would hesitate to call it human nature until such wishes become attached to socially approved and selected objects and until canons of logical relevance and causal connexion begin to be imposed on this autistic amalgam. When wishes develop into wants and when these wants come to be regulated by forethought and deliberation, what Freud calls the Ego begins to develop. Common nature becomes human nature with regulation and the imposition of standards.

This development of the Ego, of regulation and of a sense of reality and relevance, may of course go wrong: and Freud used his theory of wishes to explain why it has gone wrong. The miser, for instance, suffers from a peculiar distorted and unrealistic want which Freud explained in terms of wishes for things like organ pleasure and power which persist and distort a man's wants because of the way they have been dealt with in infancy. But in giving such special explanations of the behaviour of misers, homosexuals, and perverts, he surely assumed a standard development of wishes into those regulated wants which were thought to be appropriate in the society in which he lived—for food, sex, and friends. He assumed a norm of development. If men do not, for special reasons, get stuck or 'fixated' at different stages in their development, they emerge with a more or less standard equipment of wants together with a realistic appraisal of causal connexions and an ability to regulate their wants. Indeed many writers have attacked Freud because his prudential policy encourages conformity with the existing standards of society, for advocating 'adjustment'.

Human Nature with Cultured Variants

But must accounts of human nature to which a psychologist would appeal in justifying ideals be as culture-bound as this? Is there nothing in terms of the contents of human nature which could provide counsels which escape the local autonomy of differing cultural standards? Could not, for instance, the followers of Freud make a case for wants which are varied in their manifestations but universal in their insistence—like those for food, sex, and safety? Any man ignores these at his peril in spite of the fact that what counts as appropriate objects for such wants will vary from culture to culture.

When we come to a level like this, which is the level of basic needs, we have indeed come to a point where the psychologist may be able to give advice which is not altogether culture-bound; but it is important to be clear about the sort of advice it is and how essentially limited it is. For the notion of 'needs', to which the doctrine appeals, really presupposes the notion of 'wants'. What a man needs is that which it would be injurious for him not to have. But the standard of what constitutes injury depends

on what a man wants. We speak of a man's need for money. But what is money necessary for? Presumably for things like his dinner which is something that he wants. And if we say that any man needs food, that is because it is necessary for keeping alive which, presumably, everyone wants to do. But to be alive, unless we are merely talking about keeping our hearts beating, involves the satisfaction of a variety of wants. Thus, although the manner of being alive, the wants that are thought to be worth satisfying, will vary according to personal and cultural preferences, there are, it could be argued, at least some things, like food, water, and oxygen, which are necessary conditions for the satisfaction of any other wants, whatever these wants may be.

The psychologist, however, speaks of love and safety as needs, not just of water, food, and oxygen. What are these more intangible things necessary for? The answer is that the psychologists have shown them to be necessary for the realistic development and effective *regulation* of wants within a system, whatever the system may be. The miser, for instance, has a style of life which is witness to the need for safety being satisfied in a way which disregards the need for love and to love. A man may come to see money not as what it is—a means of satisfying other wants—but as something valuable in itself. And this irrational want may spread like a cancer until a man's whole outlook becomes distorted and warped. Similarly a paranoid's estimation of every situation is constantly distorted by the all-intrusive thought that people are plotting against him.

Aristotle's 'Harmony of the Soul'

A man can develop undistorted wants and regulate his wants effectively only if his basic needs are not grossly thwarted. This effective regulation of a system of wants is often referred to as 'the integration of personality' or 'mental health'. Aristotle called it the harmony of the soul. The psychologist has laid bare some of the conditions which militate against its development. He is thus in a position to prescribe certain things which men need above the level of food, water, and oxygen. For unless we satisfy our needs for love and safety we shall be for ever at sixes and sevens with ourselves, not satisfying a variety of wants properly because of conflict and indecision, or suffering from strange fears and distorted wants that cloud our perceptions and warp our judgment. But advice about mental health and what is necessary for it is negative, limiting sort of advice. It does not tell us what wants are worth satisfying; it stipulates merely that there must be a degree of regulation and absence of conflict for any system of wants to be effectively satisfied, and lays down certain necessary conditions for this.

But, it might be argued, does not the Freudian take us farther than telling us what we must have if we are to satisfy and regulate any system of wants? Does he not also intimate a more positive policy by suggesting that some wants are natural, whereas others are artificial, derivative, and hence unimportant in comparison with the natural ones? Sex, eating, drinking, he would hold, are fundamental to man in a way in which art and arithmetic are not. Wants, in other words, can be arranged in tiers, with the bottom level nearest to nature.

Whatever is meant by 'nature' in this account, it is really of little help even to a Freudian in deciding what is worth while, let alone to an educationist. For on this view scientific investigation itself, to whose ideals Freud himself was resolutely committed, is an 'unnatural activity'—a sublimation of infantile sexual curiosity or a method of reassuring himself against insecurity. Nevertheless he has to make judgments in which the time he is to give to science must be weighed against the rival attractions of food, sex, and the pursuit of power. The explanation which he gives of such activities may influence his judgment. A Freudian, for instance, would be unlikely to discount the claims of sex in the ways in which an artist or religious man might. But such a view of human nature would do little more than limit his judgments about what was worth doing. It would not provide positive counsels for his own life or for the education of his children.

In this respect a psychologist is in the same kind of boat as the rest of us. For, without going into any special theories, we can easily see how psychological considerations of this sort do little more than limit the range of our judgments. A man might

have plenty of food, sex, drink, and security—a pastoral life surrounded by the joys of the countryside. But when we spoke to him of the delicacies of human relationships, of art, of the excitement of discovery, he might spit and say that we needed our brains testing. From a psychological point of view he might be mentally healthy, integrated, adjusted—all of these things—but at the level of what Plato called 'the necessary appetites'. The psychologist can do little more than tell us that we neglect these at our peril; for he sees mental illness and neurosis as brought about by the ways in which such basic needs are thwarted or stunted. But his ideal of mental health is a negative one, to be defined against the absence of such deviations, distortions, and conflicts. It is not a positive one which could do much to unify the outlook of educators.

Where the Educator Takes Over

We have come to the point where Mill posed the contrast between the pig satisfied and Socrates dissatisfied. We have also, surely, come to the point where the psychologist leaves off and the educator takes over. For civilization is the constant endeavour of man to impose artifice on nature, to rise above the level of the necessary appetites. It involves the perpetuation of a whole mass of complicated activities which are worth doing for their own sake and which are not merely fuel for the glowing fire of our natural needs. The teacher is at the key-point in this constant endeavour of man to hand on these activities and the critical attitude necessary for their continuance and development. To hand on these activities properly is also to hand on the ideals and principles which are, as it were, immanent in them. To teach science *as* science, philosophy *as* philosophy, or history *as* history is to pass on respect for truth, argument, and evidence; it is not simply to hand over a lot of information.

But there are foolish and wise ways of handing on this thin crust of civilization, just as there are imaginative and dull ways of doing it. The psychologist cannot, qua psychologist, provide a justification of civilized activities, though his theorizing and practice as a psychologist is a pre-eminent example of a civilized activity; but what he can do is to warn teachers about foolish ways of passing on such activities. There are levels of development in childhood, and damage can be done if even the basic skills of reading, writing, and arithmetic are passed on too early; there are ways, too, of teaching skills which may be damaging. And the importance of such skills can be emphasized with complete disregard for basic needs like those for love and security. Warped and-stunted children may result from foolish methods of teaching. This is where talk of mental health, of integration, and of wholeness is relevant as a negative counsel of great importance. It is something that educators should never neglect while they educate people. But I have never been able to grasp how it could be thought that such counsels could ever provide positive ideals. For education is not a remedial business, unless one views life as something merely to be endured like an illness. The objection to talking of mental health as a unifying ideal for education is not simply, then, that it can at best be only a rather limited and negative counsel; it is also that it confuses the function of the educator in society with that of the doctor. The main function of the teacher is to train and instruct; it is not to help and cure.

Calling a Spade a Spade

In so far as talk of 'mental health' becomes more than a matter of negative counsels, it amounts to little more than talk about social adjustment dressed up in a pseudo-scientific idiom. If a positive corrective is needed to a one-sided stress on vocational instruction or on training the intellect, what is wrong with more old-fashioned talk about the training of character and happiness? In such matters it is important to call a spade a spade rather than to spoon out social conformity from a bottle that makes it look scientifically respectable. More old-fashioned ideals like the training of intellect and of character did at least imply that children were to be treated as responsible agents worthy to carry on the activities of a civilized community; they did not imply, as does the stress on mental health, that children are to be treated as patients who have to be weaned in a kindly way to nibble at the raw meat of the modern world.—*Third Programme*

The Listener



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The Art of Picasso

MR. JOHN BERGER of the *New Statesman* spoke in 'Monitor' last week about the energy and irrepressibility of Picasso as an artist, and compared him to Charlie Chaplin. However apt such a comparison may be, the exhibition of Picasso's paintings now on show at the Tate Gallery—and reviewed by Mr. John Golding in our columns today—has certainly been attracting the crowds that used to be associated with Chaplin films. Indeed the crush at the Tate (unusual for a gallery that, like the Pitti in Florence, has suffered from being thought out of the way) could only perhaps have been equalled by displaying Rembrandt on the same scale in Amsterdam.

The success of the exhibition is undoubtedly due to the stature of Picasso and the fact that—while he still appeals to intellectuals and professional critics—he can also by now be said to have 'arrived' for the ordinary public as a whole. But it is a tribute as well to the variety and size of the exhibition which the Arts Council and Mr. Roland Penrose have made possible. A lot has already been written of Picasso's skill as a draughtsman and of his ability to switch at will from classical renaissance design to the most complicated type of Cubist subtlety. But not enough has been said about the extraordinary contrasts in Picasso's use of colour. Many visitors to the present show may be surprised that the same painter should have created the pinky grey and drab flesh tones, and contrasting blodge of red roses, seen in the 'Girl with a Basket of Flowers', of 1905, and also achieved the cool blues and greens and general liquidity of paint of the large picture 'The Soler Family' of two years earlier. Granted this was painted in Barcelona and the flower-seller in Paris, but the feeling of both pictures is so opposed that no one could be blamed in another century for thinking they must be by different hands. Again, in April 1939, Picasso painted two pictures at Le Tremblay-sur-Mauldre of a 'Cat Eating a Bird'. The acid tones of the best known of these certainly do convey the sense of callous cruelty in nature that the catalogue refers to; but the colour put into the second painting lightens the whole composition and gives it a sense of spontaneity, so that the beholder is not encouraged to remember (as with the first picture) the grimness of the Spanish civil war or world politics in general, but only of a single observation of nature in the raw.

The present exhibition happens to be occurring at a time when the whole of the modern movement in art is just starting to be understood by the general public. Any visitor to the Tate this summer who listens to what other visitors are saying as they walk round is likely to have an experience that ten years ago would have seemed incredible. He will hear Picasso's early, 'blue' or 'rose' period works hailed as old friends, with a warmth that at an old master exhibition used to be reserved for Canaletto or Frans Hals. He may even hear the pictures of the 'Negro' period being enjoyed with hardly an eyebrow raised except in admiration, particularly 'Les Demoiselles d'Avignon' which in 1907 so shocked both Braque and Matisse. He may also hear the apocalyptic pictures of the Guernica period being accepted as normal—even inspired—paintings, suitable for a world tortured as it is today with the threats of mass destruction or totalitarian rule. He will certainly find enthusiasm among nearly everyone present for the more hopeful note struck by Picasso in his studies of 1957 on the theme of the Velázquez painting 'Las Meninas'.

What They Are Saying

Voices of communism

A MOSCOW COMMENTARY for Africa has ascribed the Congo's troubles since independence to 'intrigues' by Belgian 'colonialists' and their friends, who aim at continuing to dominate the country's economy. An East German transmission quoted a report from Leopoldville which said:

In their transparent endeavour to provide the Belgian Government with a pretext for the use of troops against the new Republic, Western propaganda spread especially today a spate of atrocity tales from the Congo. Western agencies fell over themselves with reports about 'panic flight of European families', about 'violence' and 'shooting affrays' . . . about a 'day of terror in the capital' and 'complete anarchy'.

Meanwhile Moscow radio has described the 'cut' by the U.S. Government in Cuban sugar imports as 'undisguised economic pressure'. In the same breath Castro's Government's earlier seizure of foreign oil refineries is called 'elementary self-protection'. Commenting on Britain's attitude, a Moscow broadcaster said in a transmission for the United Kingdom:

The danger to Britain of following in the wake of American policy with regard to Cuba is obvious. It is no secret that the U.S.A. has repeatedly resorted to armed intervention in respect of other countries, and drawn Britain into such action. And each time Britain paid a very heavy price for the piratical actions of American adventurers who liked to profit at the expense of others. It is sufficient to recall the very impressive sum, running into tens of millions of pounds, which the British taxpayers paid for the intervention in Jordan. Now Britain is faced with the prospect of being drawn into aggression against Cuba.

Mr. Khrushchev's visit to Austria was given wide coverage by all Moscow services as proof of Russia's policy of 'peaceful co-existence'. There were complaints, however, that the West German press deliberately distorted his speeches. The *Rheinische Post*, for example, had reported that Mr. Khrushchev made threatening remarks against the Federal Republic and it had warned its readers to be prepared for another Berlin crisis:

Well, what did the Head of the Soviet Government really say in Austria? . . . He reaffirmed that the U.S.S.R. was consistently working for the early conclusion of a German peace treaty, on the basis of which the West Berlin question would be settled. Nikita Khrushchev pointed out repeatedly in this connexion that the Soviet Government was endeavouring, as hitherto, to solve this problem with the Western Powers on a basis acceptable to all concerned.

Three days later, at his press conference in Vienna, Mr. Khrushchev said, in answer to an obviously 'planted' question by the *Pravda* correspondent, that it might be a good idea for the Soviet Union to sign a separate peace treaty with East Germany in September, if the Federal German Parliament met in West Berlin then. That would oblige the West German deputies, he said, to apply to the East German authorities for permission to return home. Communist China's attitude to Mr. Khrushchev's mission of 'peaceful coexistence' may be judged from the fact that Peking radio apparently ignored his Austrian tour altogether.

Yugoslav comment on the *communiqué* published by the Algerian rebel leaders after their inconclusive talks with the French Government stressed the constructive attitude of the Front de la Libération Nationale and welcomed the fact that it had not closed the door on further discussions. *Borba*, the Yugoslav Communist Party's newspaper, was also quoted as saying that President de Gaulle would evidently require more time and considerable effort to carry out the practical policy which he had already proclaimed.

While Communist China admits that she has not yet succeeded in crushing the Tibetan rebellion which started eighteen months ago in defiance of Chinese attempts to subjugate the country, Lhasa radio has said that 'patriotic and progressive members of the upper strata' in Tibet are now studying the works of Mao Tse-tung for six hours a day 'to raise their ideological standards to meet the need for building a socialist new Tibet'.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

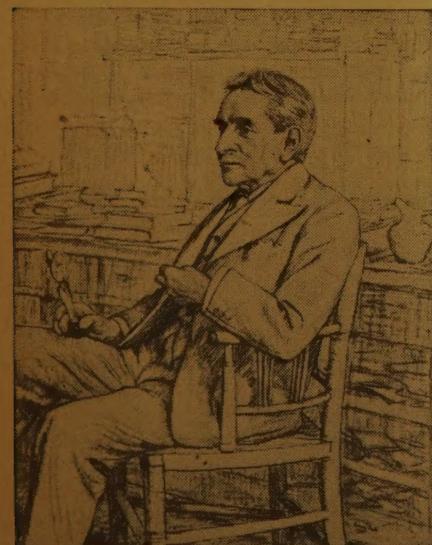
Did You Hear That?

ARCHAEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY

THE NEW ARCHAEOLOGICAL controversy about the exact dating of the Greek period of domination in the famous site of Knossos in Crete was discussed by JACQUETTA HAWKES in 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service) last week. This controversy has arisen as the result of a recent lecture to the Institute of Classical Studies in London given by Professor L. R. Palmer who is Professor of Comparative Philology at Oxford University. In this lecture Professor Palmer had suggested that Sir Arthur Evans, the chief explorer of the Knossos excavations, may have been wrong in his dating of the chronology of Mycenaean and Greek history in Crete which he propounded over half a century ago on the evidence of his findings. About this Jacquetta Hawkes said:

'I was at Knossos myself last summer. It was very hot and beautiful and full of cicadas. From the reconstructions Sir Arthur Evans had made in model form any visitor can get an idea of what a royal palace of the bronze age was like. Here is the capital city of the Cretans, a most gifted island people who grew rich by maritime trade.'

'Any attack which has now been made on Sir Arthur Evans does not affect the most important part of his discoveries. It remains true that the Cretans, a non-Greek people, created a brilliant civilization many centuries before the Greeks pushed down from the north, whether they did so in 1600 B.C. or earlier. It remains true that this was one inspiration of the Mycenaean civilization developed by the incoming Greeks. So do not get the idea that the importance of Knossos has been exploded. The deciphering of the inscribed tablets in the so-called Linear B script which happened a few years ago had already shown that Greek influence was strong in the island towards the end of the long history of the place. Now Professor Palmer has shown that this period of Greek ascendancy seems to have lasted longer than was thought—in fact that Knossos had two centuries more as a great trading and administrative centre before its final collapse.'



Arthur John Evans (1935), by Francis Dodd
National Portrait Gallery



Painted stucco relief of 'Priest-King' (restored): from the Palace of Minos at Knossos
From 'The Palace of Minos' by Sir Arthur Evans (Macmillan)

looking at, or at any rate from relying on, the log book.

'Although Professor Palmer, who is an authority on ancient languages and scripts, is almost certain to be right about the later date of some of the tablets, the historical conclusions he links with them may prove no more durable than Sir Arthur's own. When I was at Knossos last year Mr. Sinclair Hood was digging in the building next to the one where many tablets were found. He hopes to find more—and he well may. So we can expect fresh evidence as well as heated debate.'

THE MEMORIAL STONE

'Have you ever thought where you would like to die?' This question was asked by NORMAN NICHOLSON recently in 'The Northcountryman' (North of England Home Service). 'Some people say', he went on, 'they want to take leave of this world in one of its more beautiful parts. And they, no doubt, would envy the Methodist local preacher who collapsed and died one Sunday in 1886 when he was walking along the fell-road from Eskdale to Santon Bridge. You can see a stone to his memory set up beside the road.'

'And whether or not it is an ideal place to die, it is certainly a magnificent place to be remembered in—on the western wall of the Cumberland fells, and looking up the coast to the Solway and Scotland. To the south is the cleft of Eskdale, with its pink-granite crags and quarries, and beyond is the slubby moorland that slouches up to Black Combe, one of the widest, emptiest

What the main accusation amounts to is this: that Sir Arthur said that certain later types of jar were found above a clay floor while the inscribed tablets were *below* it and therefore older, whereas the log book of the excavation, written day by day as the digging went on, clearly recorded that jars and tablets were found together *on* the floor and were therefore of the same age. This is a fairly serious accusation, for all archaeological interpretation depends on this matter of levels—on what is above or below what.

'But it is not a terribly serious one. I have heard people talking as though this were a second Piltdown. But Piltdown was out-and-out forgery. Over a number of years someone worked at a bench with files and chemicals faking bones and teeth brought from elsewhere. He then planted them on the site for himself and others to find—quite a different matter. All that the two cases may have in common is something in the character of the men involved. Archaeologists in the field, like scientists in laboratories, normally have to devise working hypotheses which further research may confirm or disprove. But if you have the kind of character which begins to identify your theory with your ego and both, as it were, with God, then you become so sure of your rightness that anything you do to demonstrate it is merely a revelation of the truth. The Piltdown faker probably convinced himself that he was not cheating, really, while Sir Arthur (if the case against him is proved, and I must insist that it has not been as yet) probably found it easy to twist his recollection of this one little site in the whole vast area of his excavations, and also to refrain from

stretches in the north of England. To the west, the land drops away to the coast; and the three rivers which flow out of the gills and quarries of Scafell all wriggle out to sea at Ravenglass (through one single estuary). It is a landscape that cannot have changed much since 1886.

'But when you turn and look north, you see something which



The terrace at Powderham Castle, near Exeter

that old Methodist did not see, something he could not even have dreamt of. For there, on the coast beyond Seascale, are the towers of the atomic station at Calder Hall. There is nothing ugly about them: indeed, on a misty winter day, with the cooling shafts steaming like volcanoes, they have something of the blurred, romantic charm of a Victorian guide-book illustration. But they do not belong to the past: they belong to a future as hazardous as any man has ever faced. To a man with his eyes open they are, in fact, one of the most terrifying landscapes in England. So that when last I saw them from that spot on Irton Fell, I could not help glancing down at the memorial stone. And what I read there seemed suddenly to take on a new and topical meaning. To tell the truth, it sent a cold dither right between my shoulder-blades:

In memory of William Malkinson,
Wesleyan local preacher,
died here suddenly, Sunday, February 21st, 1886.
Be ye also ready'.

POWDERHAM CASTLE

'If you are fascinated by medieval castles and have a penchant for stately homes', said PEGGY ARCHER, B.B.C. reporter, in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service), 'and if you happen to be in the vicinity of Exeter this summer, Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Devon, should catch your imagination. It stands in a magnificent deer park with views across sand dunes to the estuary of the River Exe and right out to sea. It is this low-lying land round the castle which gives it its name, for in Domesday times this was Poldreham—"polre", or "polder" in the Dutch, being land reclaimed from the sea.'

'The castle was built between 1390 and 1420 by Sir Philip Courtenay, second Earl of Devon, and it has been the home of the Courtenay family for nearly 600 years. But at different times in its history there have been additions and alterations, so that today four distinct architectural periods are welded together beneath the impressive battlements. The oak-panelled banqueting hall with its minstrels' gallery and decorative crests of the Courtenays and all the families they have married into, is no more than 100

years old. In contrast, there is the guardroom of medieval times, the windowless one-way route through which friend and foe alike must pass to gain admittance to the castle. Now it is the china room containing some very rare French porcelain cups and saucers, bowls and dishes.

'Between these extremes there is perhaps the most beautiful room in the castle—the domed music room, designed by James Wyatt and added in 1790 by the son of the second Viscount Courtenay, whose thirteen sisters possessed great artistic gifts, which he himself undoubtedly shared. Italian alabaster urns fill the alcoves on the walls. There is a splendid Italian marble fireplace and brick-coloured marble pilasters made from Devon stone. On the floor is the original Axminster carpet, made for the room, and by way of furniture some gilt French eighteenth-century settees and arm-chairs decorated with the dolphin, the crest of the Courtenay family'.

SNAILS

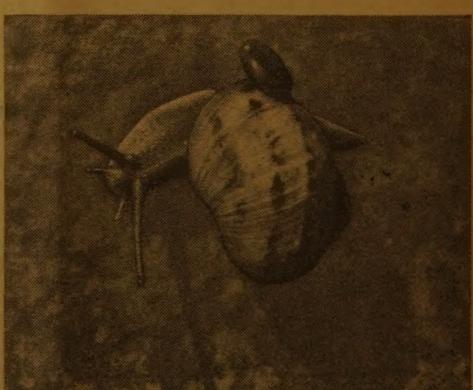
'The other evening', said ERIC ROBERTS in 'Today' (Home Service), 'I took a stroll after dark, and by the light of my torch I could see dozens of snails doing the same thing. Although to most people one snail may look much like another, there are over fifty varieties in the British Isles alone, and you would have a job to go anywhere in the world from the North and South Poles to humid swamps and sun-scorched deserts not to be in their company. But like so many nocturnal creatures, despite their numbers they do not attract much attention. Yet the snail is a remarkably interesting little chap. There are not many creatures, for instance, that look after themselves to the extent of constructing their own highway as they go along. This well-known silvery trail ensures a smooth journey even over the roughest ground, and it has been said that this ribbon of mucus, which the snail produces from a gland just beneath the

lower jaw, would enable it to crawl happily along the edge of a razor. There is one thing a snail has in common with a pigeon—a remarkably efficient homing instinct. After its nightly stroll, it will find its way back, even over a distance of 100 yards, to exactly the same crevice from which it set out at dusk.

'Teeth it has in plenty—about 20,000 of them, although they are very unlike ours, consisting of tiny projections on what we may call its tongue. It breathes not through its mouth but through a small hole on the right-hand side of the body close up to the shell. It is deaf, but has a moderate sense of smell which, by our standards, is a little queer in that it appears to be insensitive to powerful odours like ammonia, petrol, and chloroform, but toss a cabbage leaf down and it will promptly make off towards it, even if it is as much as ten minutes' crawling time away.'

'A snail is particularly fussy about its eyes, which it carries like twin periscopes at the ends of two stalk-like protrusions on its head. At the slightest touch, the eyes are completely withdrawn by muscular movement right down inside the body, rather like pulling the fingers of a glove inside out. In this way, they are completely protected.'

'A garden snail's allotted span is about five years, and during that time its sex life is mildly sensational. Although it is a hermaphrodite (that is to say, both male and female) it only functions as one sex at a time. In its youth it cuts a dashing caper as a male, but as it gets older it appears to realize its responsibilities, and settles down to the cares of motherhood'.



Garden snail on a stone wall
Jane Burton

How Big is an Elephant?

By G. W. SCOTT BLAIR

SOME years ago, on a journey to America, I whiled away my time by asking my fellow passengers to answer some rather strange questions. The first was: 'Which seems to you the larger, an elephant or a second?' After explaining that I meant a second of time and not a second elephant, I then tried to find out what sort of length of time people would equate to the size of an elephant.

One man was a physicist. He insisted that the second must be equal to the distance travelled by light during that interval of time—which is much larger than an elephant, of course. But most other people voted for the elephant, though there were wide differences in the selection of a time suitable to compare with him, and many strange rationalizations for the times chosen: the believed life-span of elephants, how long it takes to walk round one, and so on. It would not be so difficult to compare two elephants with one another; especially if I had said 'heavy' or 'voluminous' instead of 'large'. It is clear that we can compare quantitatively things that are of the same kind; whereas things which are not of the same kind we can compare only qualitatively or, at best, semi-quantitatively.

Why would most people feel sure that an elephant is larger than a second? Presumably because we think of an elephant as larger than most animals we know: and seconds are smaller than most of the time intervals with which we are concerned. What we are really saying is that an elephant is large for an animal and a second is small as times go. So we instinctively compare unlike objects by relating them to the average size of their kin.

Finding Common Properties

Let us consider in more detail what I meant when I said that we can make precise comparisons of things only if they are 'of the same kind'. Clearly, we cannot add five elephants to three seconds and get eight of anything, unless we first agree to equate each elephant with some definite period of time. But what about adding five bananas to three oranges? We certainly get eight fruit, 'fruitiness' being what bananas and oranges have in common. Thus we gain in the precision of our comparison (there really are precisely eight fruit) what we lose in precision in defining our objects—bananas and oranges. Quantitative science is concerned with finding adequately wide common properties of things and ignoring their individual differences.

Science has long been associated with exact measurements, and our standards have become steadily more precise. Whereas Galileo is said to have used pulse and breathing rates as the units of time, we now consult atomic clocks. This traditional emphasis on the human body for standardization gradually led to the setting up of more reproducible standards. Thumbs and feet came to be replaced by metal bars of standard length. Incidentally, all fundamental measurements except simple counting are made in terms of lengths on scales, whether they be on rulers, clocks, or balances; hence the supreme importance of very precise standards of length. The next most important measurements are of times and masses, and so physicists have come to analyse the properties they measure in terms of these three basic dimensions: length, time, and mass. Occasionally, temperature or force were introduced as additional, independent dimensions. A rule, known as the principle of dimensional homogeneity, has come to be defined. This says that you can only compare directly quantities having the same dimensions. So, 'of the same kind' to the exact scientist means 'of the same dimensions'; that is, compounded of the same mixture of mass, length, and time.

But physical properties do not have, as was once supposed, fixed dimensions of this sort; rather we select convenient dimensions for our concepts. Thus velocities are generally expressed as lengths per unit time (miles per hour) but we can just as well describe them as numbers—say, ratios of frequencies of light or

sound as we measure them in the so-called Doppler Effect. In this way we could measure the speed of a moving railway engine by comparing the pitch of its whistle with that of a stationary engine. Nevertheless, the principle of dimensional homogeneity—which means that one can compare directly only quantities which have the same dimensions—remains valid.

Necessary Comparisons

How, then, can we cope with the problems of making necessary comparisons outside the realm of classical physics? In industry, we must often compare the firmness or body of materials, the brushability of paints, the spreadability of butters, or the gloss of papers. These terms are well-known in their respective trades, but they do not represent simple physical properties like densities or viscosities, to which we can assign definite dimensions. In practice there are all sorts of instruments which show readings on dials which give some kind of measure of such 'properties'. Often the test imitates some process which the material has to undergo in its manufacture or use. In a sense, these dial readings may be said to measure the complex properties. But this is only part of the story. If the conditions are changed somewhat, not only do the dial readings differ but even the order into which the samples are graded by the instrument may be altered. As a general rule, such comparisons cannot be made in terms of a single scale of numbers; usually they require more than one number. As well as a number representing quantity, others are needed to describe qualities which indicate where the samples lie in a continuum between the simple properties. Since some (but not all) physicists do not like such complex entities to be called 'physical properties', I have called them 'quasi-properties'—but whatever we call them, industrial problems require us to deal with them and to measure them.

The problem of comparisons becomes even more acute when we come to the less exact sciences such as psychology. It is clear that my questions on the boat were not really physical questions, but psychological ones. The psychologist—and indeed any employer or teacher—is often faced with the problem of comparing the merits of individual people. 'Shall I appoint A or B to this post? A seems brighter and more original, but B has much longer experience'. How shall we compare the abilities of children in terms of their performances in examinations in different subjects, or in tests of different kinds? It is now well known that the 'hunch' method ('I always know a good man when I see one') fails lamentably, even in the hands of experienced interviewers. It has been shown that their opinions often fail to agree.

Assessment of 'Intelligence'

Professor H. J. Eysenck has done much, both by his own experiments and in his popular descriptions of the work of others, to familiarize us with modern methods of analysis of scores in tests of various kinds into 'factors' or modes of variation. These factors, in the simpler cases, are independent of one another and may be regarded as separate dimensions of ability or personality. One is the general capacity to perceive relations, a capacity which was for a long time technically called 'intelligence'. Today this term is seldom used technically because of confusion with its popular meaning. While 'intelligence', like patriotism, is not enough, a certain modicum is essential for different activities—more, for example, for mathematics than for music or languages. Verbal fluency and manual dexterity do not always go together. Each is needed, to a greater or less extent, for various occupations. In this sense, in principle, we can compare individuals in terms of their endowment with certain factors. These are more meaningful than their scores in particular tests or examinations, even though, in fact, such calculations are seldom done for individuals in detail.

How do we get over the problem of the elephant and the second in this field? How can scores in different tests or examinations be compared? We can use a method which is really no more than a precise formulation of our 'average size of animal' criterion. We can convert Tommy's score in some test into a figure giving the percentage of a comparable population which scores more (or less) than he does, thus referring him not so much to the average, as to the range of scores of other children of the same age. It is meaningful to say that Tommy's score places him in the top 13 per cent. of the population of his own age group in a verbal test but only in the top 26 per cent. in a test of manual dexterity. It is then arguable whether we can directly compare these percentages with one another.

The scores calculated in this way serve as a series of numbers by which individuals may be described, which measure, as far as is possible, independent abilities. Ideally, the relative importance of such numbers for a given task or profession should be determined, with as much accuracy as possible, by the psychologist. At the present time this task is far from complete, but it is clear that this approach is based on sound scientific lines and will, no doubt, some day replace our present haphazard methods of selection, especially if the statisticians can invent sounder methods than we now have. A pioneer in this field of factor analysis, Sir Cyril Burt, leads us from the field of psychology to the even less precise discipline of economics. He discusses money as a means of bridging dimensional gaps. When the householder receives a bill from his grocer, he does not argue 'that the pleasures of cheese and chocolate are commensurable neither with each other nor yet with a magnum of champagne and that consequently the addition exhibited on the bill contains "a fundamental flaw"'. Since Ricardo's classical work, economists have struggled with this problem: how are the values of widely different goods and kinds of work to be compared? On this hangs the whole question of the relativity of wages. The original 'labour theory of value' was

based on 'man-hours of socially necessary work' and this begs many questions. What is 'socially necessary'? Moreover, prices depend on profits as well as on costs. These problems led to several brave attempts to apply scientific methods, such as Schumpeter's 'equilibrium analysis', involving a series of simultaneous equations. But some people feel that this is mere 'mathematizing' and John Strachey describes it as 'barren of predictive power and consequently an extraordinarily feeble guide to action'.

It appears here that the economists, faced with the extreme difficulties of any dimensional analysis, have tended to divide into two schools. One school has given up any attempt to apply scientific methods and believes that these problems are not amenable to such treatments. The second school has gone to the other extreme and has produced inflexible systems. Karl Marx drew many of his conclusions from a too rigid development of Ricardo's ideas and, although some of his general predictions have been verified, others have gone badly astray. A physicist, viewing all this from outside, would suggest a middle course. In practice, we *must* compare incommensurables—elephants and seconds, the values of hours of miners' time and of suits of clothes. This cannot be done with the precision of exact science; yet it need not be entirely arbitrary. But we must accept the fact that the greater the disparity between the things to be compared, the greater becomes the element of arbitrary choice in making the comparisons.

Economists, psychologists, and others, anxious to apply scientific methods to such problems, would do well to consider the views of most modern physicists about dimensions: first, you cannot ignore the principle of homogeneity; and, secondly, you can sometimes do rather unorthodox things with dimensions, since dimensions are not inherently attached to properties and may be selected at will, provided the logical rules underlying the theory are not disregarded.—*Third Programme*

Picasso and the Image

JOHN GOLDING discusses the exhibition at the Tate Gallery

ALL of us born during the first fifty years of this century have felt, whether consciously or not, Picasso's power over us. Because he has conditioned our whole approach to visual reality and the world around us, we are, in a strange way, almost his creations. Perhaps no other painter has so completely dominated his age. Like some great, primitive witch-doctor, he has painted our image and we have fallen under his spell.

Yet during the past ten years there has been a change in our attitude towards him. Somehow the old magic does not always seem to work. The retrospective exhibitions multiply and the literature continues to pour in, but his art has receded from us. His face is still the photographer's greatest delight; yet his image has become slightly blurred. The reasons for all this are to a large extent obvious. In the first place there was bound to be a reaction. Then the aspect of his art and character that is most readily accessible to publicity and journalism—I am talking about the old conjuror doing his tricks for the children—is not the most serious and profound. Above all, critics are constantly falling into the fallacy of progress in art, the belief that each stage in the history of art is replaced by a 'better' one.

This last point has been particularly true in the case of the champions and spokesmen of Abstract Expressionism. It was, it is true, the most important pictorial development since Cubism. But because it seemed to erupt, apparently out of nothing, in such a spectacular fashion, and because it became the first truly international style of painting, it produced in many the sensation that some moment of absolute pictorial truth had been reached. Painting had at last been stripped of all its inessentials; it had become, to use a phrase current among the painters themselves, 'a place in which to live'. But in fact painting does not stand still, and

Abstract Expressionism is not the final phase it seemed to be some years ago. Still, it is not only the critics, in their enthusiasm for a new style, who have suggested that Picasso is somehow out of date. Much more important is the fact that the painters whose work is beginning to reach maturity today have undoubtedly turned their backs on him. Is it because he has already said everything that he had to say? Has there been, as it has become fashionable to suppose, a real falling off of creative power? Has he simply retired, like the very late Michelangelo—the Michelangelo of the Rondanini 'Pietà'—to a place where no one can follow him? Or will his last work be taken up, as Cézanne's was, by a fresh generation of artists, for their own different ends?

I approached the vast Picasso exhibition at the Tate Gallery* hoping to find the answers to at least some of these questions. But, before I get on to them, let me say at once that the importance of the exhibition cannot be over-emphasized. It must surely be the best of its kind that has been seen in Europe, and it is likely to be a long time before a Picasso exhibition on a comparable scale can be organized. The only serious disappointment is that, owing to the last-minute refusal of the Russians to co-operate, the so-called 'pink' and 'Negro' periods are weak. The 'Demoiselles d'Avignon'†, in my view the most important single painting in Picasso's development, hangs next to a delicate, almost feminine, painting of a woman combing her hair, while on the other side is one of the most pensive and restrained of the negroid paintings. Seen like this, the 'Demoiselles' look very strange indeed; it is in any case one of the oddest paintings in the world, but here it looks as if it had come from another planet. In the next room there are none of the monumental, sculptural figure pieces in which Picasso followed up the discoveries of the 'Demoiselles'. It was during this period that Picasso began to feel a mounting



'Harlequin' (1918)

Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.

the chief aspects of Picasso's art, and although there are a large number of important paintings, the aim of the exhibition is not to stun and impress.

It seems to me that Mr. Penrose is perhaps unconsciously advancing a thesis. We have all been aware all along of the Spanish side of Picasso's work and personality, but, because of his connexions with France and his importance in French painting, we have tended to see him mainly as a Gallic phenomenon. In the present exhibition he is presented, to my eyes at least, as a purely Spanish painter. The paintings chosen are almost all intensely serious. Despite the large number of brilliantly coloured canvases the total impression is one of severity and restraint. There is not a faun in sight, and the pictorial jokes are mostly sardonic and grim. In a 1914 still life, for example, a skull is incongruously crowned by a wig, and after one has looked at this painting for a while, the 'Student with a Pipe', with his crumpled paper beret, which hangs opposite, looks decidedly less light-hearted than it did at first sight.

On the whole, the pulling-rabbits-out-of-hats side of Picasso's talent is played down. Maybe Mr. Penrose is right. Viewed in this way the scope of Picasso's gifts may be slightly restricted, but his artistic personality at once sharpens; the element of eclecticism in his work tends to vanish. We remain aware of it, but somehow it seems less important. When he is linked closely with a native Spanish tradition, Picasso's relationship to the artists of the past becomes deeper and less superficial. It came as a shock to me to

excitement in the possibilities of representing solid forms in a new way; without the limitations of traditional single view-point perspective. Without the grandest negroid pictures the intermediate stages between the 'Demoiselles' and the birth of Cubism remain largely unexplained.

Apart from this, all the major phases are represented, and the paintings have been chosen and hung with real sensitivity and taste. The exhibition is not one for the art historian; it does not contain a large number of minor, unpublished paintings for the expert to add to his lists. It does not set out to show the stylistic links between one period and another. What it is, is a personal, deeply felt view of Picasso's art, selected by someone who has known the painter and his work for many years. Mr. Roland Penrose takes it for granted that we are already familiar with

realize that the green still lifes of 1908, although they are clearly influenced by Cézanne, are closer in spirit to Zurbarán.

The strongest sections of the exhibition are those devoted to the painting of the nineteen-forties and -fifties, and they prove conclusively that the period immediately after the war was one of Picasso's most brilliant. The climax of the exhibition, however, is reached in the series of the 'Meninas' which Picasso painted three years ago. These are a set of variations on Velázquez's great work in the Prado. Velázquez shows himself at work on a large canvas. Behind him is the little infanta surrounded by her attendants, her dog, and her dwarf; in the far distance Velázquez's patron stands silhouetted in a doorway. Picasso himself first saw the painting in Madrid when he was fifteen. Now, in old age, he has come back to it. Seen all together, the impression the series makes is almost overwhelming. Coming at the end of the exhibition they confront one sharply with the problem of Picasso's relationship to the past, the present, and the future.

After the war, Picasso began his series of free (very free) copies after other painters, and this seemed to confirm the view of those critics who had been claiming that Picasso was in fact a traditionalist. Personally I have always seen Picasso as a purely revolutionary figure, even when he is at his most classical, as in 'The Pipes of Pan' in the exhibition. Look at this painting long enough and it begins to disturb. The space becomes constricting and the heavy figures are rendered immobile by some strange force inside them. Whatever their superficial appearance, the world they live in is very far from the sunlit serenity of classical art. There is always some distortion of form or perspective or mood to remind the spectator that Picasso is unable to work in an accepted manner without deliberately altering it to new ends. Still, I began to wonder, too, whether by 're-doing' the old masters he was not trying to fuse his innovations on to the art of the past. In a sense he is doing this. But in these copies his gesture is not primarily a reversion to traditional themes and forms, or a turning back to the past for inspiration. Rather he is looking back from the point which he has reached, and, so to speak, pulling the past up through time towards him. 'We have infected the pictures in the museums', Picasso has said, 'with all our stupidities, all our mistakes, all our poverty of spirit. We have been tied up to a fiction, instead of trying to sense what inner life there was in the man who painted them'. What he is in effect saying is simply this: art cannot be talked about or explained; it can only be done and looked at. He is not using Velázquez, or Courbet, or Delacroix, or whoever it may be, merely as an excuse for producing a series of virtuoso variations on a theme, and he is not trying



Picasso's first variation on Velázquez's 'Las Meninas' (1957)

to reinterpret them to us. What he is doing is asserting that the words used by critics and art historians—'movement', 'school', 'tradition'—are without meaning to the painter: when one artist is confronted by the work of another, barriers of space and time cease to exist.

The 'Meninas' are the most important and successful of these 'copies'. The series is a profoundly original and—yes—revolutionary work. At Picasso's request, the fifty-eight paintings of the series have been hung together in strictly chronological order, except for the first and largest, which is placed in the middle. Of these paintings, forty-five relate directly to the 'Meninas'; the others are mostly views out of the window of Picasso's studio. Seen in isolation, some of the paintings might appear weak; some are sketchy and unresolved; in others the compositions and the surfaces have become almost overworked, and one wishes that he had stopped sooner. But, viewing the series as a whole, these defects cease to disturb. The reason is that in all fifty-eight canvases Picasso has been painting only one picture. This is why the first large canvas is highly worked on the left but left sketchy and unfinished on the right. It opens up into the other paintings and they flow back into it.

Sharing in the Artist's Creative Act

Picasso once said that it would be interesting to preserve photographically not the stages, but the *metamorphosis* of a picture. This is what he has succeeded in doing in the 'Meninas'. By insisting on making us aware of his mistakes, his changes of mind, his moments of carelessness and boredom, when he looks out of the window and his attention is caught by something different—in all this he is inviting us to share in the creative act in a way in which no other artist has done before. Take the set of five variations on the child to the left of the blonde infanta. In each painting the placing of the eyes is changed, and the position of the hands is very slightly altered. Picasso is looking for the glance and gesture which will most clearly reveal the character of his subject and relate her most closely, formally and emotionally, to the infanta she is serving. A traditionalist might execute a set of variations such as these, and then choose one as the final version to be passed on into a larger composition. In Picasso's case no one canvas is the definitive one, and indeed the larger canvases in which all the figures appear together had all been done when he began the particular set of variations I have been speaking of. What is cursory and unsatisfactory is eventually corrected, but it is never erased; so that Picasso is never asserting that his every pictorial statement is faultless; he is showing us how a great painter works, and what might be mistaken for arrogance or weakness is in fact a splendidly generous and profound gesture.

The 'Meninas' is a summary of all Picasso's work and of his contribution to modern art. The tall, upright figure of the painter in the first canvas is really a latter-day reinterpretation of the great hermetic nude painted in Cadaqués fifty years ago, which hangs in the Cubist room of the exhibition. The first set of variations on the little infanta is a restatement of the solution evolved by Picasso in the early nineteen-thirties for combining a profile and a full-face view in a single image. The flat colours and bird-like faces of the final canvases re-echo the simplifications he reached in his work some eight years ago. And so on. But it was to the Cubist paintings that the 'Meninas' kept sending me back. This was a period of unequalled concentration and intensity for Picasso, and it holds the clue to the understanding of all his subsequent work. It was during the Cubist period that Picasso, together with Braque, evolved the new concepts of form and space that enabled them to break with a system of perspective that had governed Western painting since the Renaissance. Picasso has never given up the variable Cubist view-point which enables him to synthesize into his subjects any amount of information or detail that he felt might help him to convey more forcefully his vision or ideas of them.

But, on another level, it was also during the Cubist period that the greatest dilemma of modern painting was first stated. It was Cubism that exposed more clearly than any other movement hitherto the problem of the relationship of figurative or realistic painting to pure abstraction. Excited by his formal discoveries, Picasso analysed and fragmented his subjects until at one point it

appeared to his contemporaries that he was about to lose the image completely; Mondrian, entering the Cubist orbit at this moment, proceeded to do so. Picasso, on the other hand, quickly retracted and restated the importance of his subject matter. But later, in a subsequent phase—the Synthetic phase of Cubism—he and Braque evolved new techniques which enabled them to experiment even more boldly with the abstract, formal side of painting. Using strips of paper, or flat, coloured shapes, they often built up their compositions in a purely abstract form, and only subsequently overlaid or superimposed a subject on them. In some cases the abstract shapes, by the incorporation of a clue, a moustache for instance, became the image, or were transformed into it.

Reinterpretation of Visual Reality

Looking back on Cubism today we can see that it was never an abstract art; Picasso was simply searching for a new way to reinterpret visual reality. But the see-saw had been set in motion. Ever since, painters have been coming down at one point on the side of representation, at another on the side of abstraction. Picasso himself immediately and firmly stated his prejudices in favour of the image, but the problem had been posed and painting was never to be the same again.

In the 'Meninas' Picasso begins with the image and he never completely abandons it; but on a smaller scale the Cubist drama is re-enacted. A formal relationship—the way in which a seventeenth-century bodice fits into a bell-shaped skirt—begins to fascinate him and he moves further and further away from his naturalistic model, until the canvas becomes highly abstract in feeling. Sometimes the process is reversed. While he is experimenting with two abstract shapes, he will all of a sudden see a figure in them, and the image will be reborn in a startling new form.

I would like to suggest that, in retrospect, a few hundred years from now, the truly great periods in twentieth-century art will be those in which these tensions between abstraction and representation have been strongest. I see this tension, for example, not only in Cubism, but also in the work of the great American Action Painters. Neither Pollock nor de Kooning are purely abstract painters. In Pollock's work a rhythm establishes itself in which the image is destroyed, then found again, only to be lost and rediscovered. If Pollock has painted the American myth, de Kooning, in his abstractions as much as in his more figurative work, has painted the American scene. Kline may one day be viewed as the first great American landscape painter. It is certainly true that, while Cubists came down firmly on the side of the image, the Americans moved always closer to total abstraction. Yet it seems to me that there is much the same difference of kind between the Cubism of Picasso and the pure, platonic abstraction of Mondrian and Malevitch, as there is between the American painters I have mentioned and their contemporaries like Guston, Francis, and Stella, whose abstraction is untouched by the pull of the external world.

Picasso and the American Action Painters

When I referred to the revolutionary aspect of the 'Meninas' I meant that there was a new aesthetic concept inherent in Picasso's late work. What I was trying to say was that what Picasso is now painting is the act of creation itself. Suddenly I find myself wondering whether his aims are really so far removed from those of the American Action Painters, with their insistence on the painter's actual gesture and of his physical relationship to his canvas. It is perhaps a dangerous analogy, and basically Picasso's attitude is diametrically opposed to that of the Abstract Expressionists. In his painting he has commented, he has criticized, and he has also been preoccupied with purely aesthetic problems that the Americans claim to have shunned; at the same time he remained free from the dangers of introversion and metaphysical speculation that from time to time have tainted or weakened their art. But I make the parallel because I feel it is essential that we should not try too soon to put definitive boundaries around Picasso's art and achievement. To the historian of the future his talent and the scope of his revolution may seem even greater than they do to us today.

Farming the Sea

By R. J. H. BEVERTON

FARMING begins when uncontrolled exploitation gives way to rationalized cropping; when the idea of conserving a natural food resource is first introduced, and a balance is struck between getting as much as possible out of the resource while, at the same time, safeguarding its future productivity. The other aspect of farming, cultivation, is complementary to conservation; it comes when man learns how to replenish the resource and, eventually, even to augment it.

Wasteful Exploitation

Man's utilization of the resources of the sea is still, for the most part, at the primitive stage of uncontrolled and often wasteful exploitation. So far, conservation has contributed little, and cultivation virtually nothing, to the world production of fish, which is now between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000 tons a year. Nevertheless, the productivity of many of the older fisheries has not increased as exploitation has intensified, and of some it has declined. Nations have become anxious for the future of their fishing industries and, since the war, two international fishing conventions have been signed, covering between them all the important fishing areas on both sides of the North Atlantic. This was the first essential step towards conservation, because these conventions provide the framework within which conservation measures can be worked out and agreed upon by the countries concerned. Although only a limited degree of conservation has so far been attempted, there is a growing awareness among fishing nations of the need for a more rational exploitation of the stocks, and in many countries there has been a corresponding shift of emphasis of fishery research towards providing the scientific advice on which effective conservation has to be based.

Yet despite the undoubtedly importance of conservation in farming the seas, the really dramatic increases in productivity are to be looked for, in the long run, in the application of some forms of cultivation. The problem is, what forms? Enough is now known about the utilization of energy and nutrients by the complex food chains in the sea at least to establish fairly certainly what methods are *not* likely to be of practical value, and to point the way to those that hold out some promise.

The primary producers in the sea are minute single-celled plants of various kinds called algae. They are the principal form of life in the sea that can photosynthesise the basic source of energy from the sun, and their function in the production cycle of the sea is precisely comparable to that of plant life on land. The fundamental difference however is that algae are widely dispersed throughout the upper layers of the oceans as far down as sunlight can penetrate; nowhere are they concentrated sufficiently for any except the smallest fish to be able to use them directly for food. Instead, the algae are eaten by the small animals which also float in the upper water layers, or pelagically, as it is termed; and it is these which form the main food of the smaller pelagic fish such as herring, mackerel, sprat, and anchovy. For other fish, such as flatfish, which live on or near the sea-bed and feed on mulluscs, worms, and crustacea, the food chains are even more complex; while some of the larger species of fish are themselves carnivorous on smaller fish.

Complex Marine Life

It is this complexity of life in the sea that has to be borne in mind when we attempt to evaluate the practicability of adding fertilizers to the sea. It is true enough that certain nutrients, notably phosphates, are essential to the growth of the primary producers, and it has been demonstrated that following the spring outburst of algae which occurs in temperate and high latitudes, there is a corresponding reduction in the free phosphate in the water. Some of the greatest fish concentrations in the world are

found where the deep ocean currents strike the continental land masses and cause upwelling, bringing nutrients from the deeper waters to the surface where they can be utilized by the primary producers. More relevant still, the direct effect of applying inorganic fertilizers to the sea was shown experimentally during the war in Lock Craiglin, a small arm of Lock Sween on the west coast of Scotland. Fertilization caused a marked increase in the primary producers and, in turn, in the animal plankton, and eventually in the growth of plaice and flounders which had been introduced into the loch.

But whether the application of fertilizers to the sea on a large scale could ever be a commercial proposition is quite another matter. In the first place at least 90 per cent. of the nutrients would be used up by organisms of little or no commercial value. The balance within and between the vegetable and animal communities would be disturbed in an uncontrollable and largely unpredictable way. Probably the overall effect would be beneficial to the commercial fisheries, but even this could not be guaranteed, still less evaluated in economic terms beforehand. And it can be calculated that the total catch of nearly 2,000,000 tons which is taken every year from the North Sea—relatively small and heavily fished though this area is—represents less than 1 per cent. of its nutrient reserves.

But this does not mean that the supply of food to all kinds of fish, at every stage of their life cycle, is necessarily sufficient or that productivity could not be improved economically by cultivation techniques more closely attuned to the needs of the fish themselves. For instance, we have known for many years that the growth of young plaice can be greatly increased by transplanting them from their natural nursery grounds off the Dutch, German, and Danish coasts to the much richer feeding grounds on the Dogger Bank. There have been several attempts to do this economically, but so far without success.

Introducing New Species

More promising, perhaps, is the idea of introducing altogether new species to colonize an area and so make use of its food reserves which the existing stocks are utilizing only partly or perhaps not at all. But a hit-or-miss introduction of new species would almost certainly be doomed to failure. For a fish population to become established as a self-maintaining unit there has to be a most finely adjusted balance between all phases of its life cycle and the environment. Especially critical are the spawning habits. Nevertheless, artificial colonization has been achieved; for example, in the Caspian Sea, where a species of flounder has been introduced, and now supports a commercial fishery.

The idea of finding the weak links, as it were, in the production cycles in the sea, and then of applying specific cultivation techniques to strengthen them, leads to even more attractive possibilities. It is a feature of most marine fish that the adults spawn vast numbers of eggs. A fully grown cod, for instance, spawns up to 10,000,000 eggs each year; yet perhaps only two or three of these, on average, survive to become adults. In the few species whose early life has been studied in detail, it seems that the greater part of this mortality occurs in the first few weeks after hatching, when the young larvae have used up the reserves of food in their yolk sac and are dependent for the first time on their own ability to catch food. In plaice, it seems that fewer than one in 1,000 of the newly hatched larvae survive the first six to eight weeks of life until they metamorphose and take to the sea-bed.

What is more significant still, it appears that the larger the number of adult plaice, and so of eggs spawned, the poorer is the survival rate of the larvae. As there was no fishing in the last war, the stocks of plaice in the North Sea increased to something

like ten times their pre-war abundance. Yet the offspring from those enormous spawnings in 1945 and 1946 were no more numerous than average. It is as if the environment of the young plaice is acting as a kind of turnstile, permitting only a certain number to pass through, irrespective of the length of the queue behind it.

Here, then, may be the Achilles heel of the production cycle of plaice, and perhaps of many other marine fish, too. When once the problem has been narrowed down like this, several possibilities suggest themselves. One, for instance, is not to rely on the natural environment at all, but instead to rear plaice artificially until they are tough enough to be liberated into the sea without coming to much harm. Experiments in rearing plaice are in progress at the Fisheries Laboratory at Lowestoft; only on a small scale so far, but with promising results, and we hope soon to test them on a pilot scale in one of the small plaice fisheries around the coast.

Another possibility is actually to modify the environment of the larval plaice in the sea. In the long run, this may be even more effective, and perhaps not as difficult as it seems at first sight. One of the two main spawning areas of plaice is in the southern part of the North Sea, just north of the entrance to the English Channel. Here, in an area of sea perhaps some twenty miles wide and forty miles long, and in a matter of a few weeks during the early spring of each year, the ultimate size of the population is probably determined to a large degree. The plaice larvae are undoubtedly killed by many things—by predators, adverse temperature conditions, and so forth; which could not be controlled; but certainly an adequate supply of the right kind of food, where and when it is most needed, is known to be critical. The young larvae can swim only feebly, but their feeding habits are specialized; they can eat certain kinds of algae, but their preferred food is a small floating animal called *Oikopleura*, not much bigger than a pin head. *Oikopleura* is not very abundant in the spawning area at the time the larvae are hatching, and is rather patchily distributed; and it has been found from surveys of the spawning area that a heavy mortality of plaice larvae can occur where *Oikopleura* is sparse. So if we could find a way to supplement the supply of *Oikopleura*—if only at the times and

places where its natural abundance is poorest—the survival of the plaice larvae might be substantially improved. It is here also that selective breeding techniques may be able to help in various ways. To give one example, the size of food particle which a larval plaice can eat is strictly limited by the size of its mouth, and it so happens that the newly hatched larvae can eat only the smaller of the *Oikopleura* available to them; therefore, if we could breed a strain of plaice whose larvae had larger mouths it might enable them to feed better and so improve their chances of survival.

Probably you will be thinking that even if the scientific problems of cultivating the resources of the sea can be solved, applying a cultivation scheme to an international fishery would present insuperable difficulties of other kinds. Progress towards proper conservation of international fisheries is slow enough—due as much as anything to the need to reconcile widely varying and often conflicting national interests. Therefore, would an international cultivation scheme have any better chance of success? I believe it well might. The drawback, psychologically as it were, to fishery conservation alone is that it demands certainly modification, and sometimes restriction, of fishing practices to achieve long-term benefits which, although they may be real enough, cannot be demonstrated beforehand in a convincing way; it demands a sense of responsibility among nations and fishermen alike for the future state of a resource that belongs to nobody, and that is not easy to achieve. But the idea of cultivation, which puts something extra into the resource, is more positive and tangible, especially if its effects can not only be calculated in advance with some accuracy, but also demonstrated on a pilot scale first.

An international cultivation scheme might, in fact, lead to a new form of responsibility—not perhaps in the first instance for the resource as such, but for the improvement made to it by the cultivation. And then maybe there would come a greater sense of urgency about the need for the best possible conservation, because there would be little point in spending money to improve a resource, if at the same time money is being wasted by irrational exploitation. But this is speculating a long way ahead and about matters which are really outside the scope of science.

—Network Three

The Retreat from the Word

The first of two talks by GEORGE STEINER

THE Apostle tells us that in the beginning was the Word. He gives us no assurance as to the end. It is appropriate that he should have used the Greek language to express the Greek-Judaic conception of the Logos. For it is to Hellenic and Judaic inheritance that western civilization owes its primarily verbal character. We take this character for granted. But we should not commit the error of believing that a verbal context is the only one in which the life of the mind is conceivable. There are modes of intellectual and sensuous reality founded not primarily on language but on other modes of communication such as the ikon or the musical note, and even on silence.

They exist most obviously in the areas of religious experience and monastic life. The Trappist movement is a culmination of practices and ideas which go back to the Desert Fathers and the Stylites. In Greek and Russian Orthodoxy, in particular, the total abandonment of language has always been regarded as one of the means toward illumination by the divine presence. But this order of experience has always implied for the West a certain flavour of mysticism. And whatever our outward lip service (itself a revealing word) to the mystical ideal, most of us would, I think, share Cardinal Newman's feeling that mysticism starts in mist and ends in schism. Few western poets—perhaps only Dante—have ever persuaded our imagination of the precise and valid quality of trans-rational experience. We accept in Dante the necessity of silence and blindness at the climax of vision. But

Pascal, one of the great masters of verbalization, is much nearer to the main western tradition when he tells us that the very fact of the silence of cosmic space is terrifying to him.

The root genius of the classic and the Christian mind was to subject reality to the governance of language. Literature, philosophy, law, theology, the arts of history, are sustained attempts to enclose within the bounds of language the sum of recorded human experience, its present practices and its future expectations. The code of Justinian, the *Summa* of Aquinas, the *Divina Commedia* are great endeavours at total containment, testifying to the belief that all truth (with the possible exception of a small, queer margin at the very top) can be housed in the side walls of language. This belief is no longer universal, and one can trace the history of its decline, a history which throws much light on the condition of modern literature.

It was during the seventeenth century that the western mind came to recognize that there are large areas of truth, reality, and action which fall outside the domain of verbal language. Until the seventeenth century it is on the whole true to say that the predominant portion of natural science was descriptive. Mathematics had its long and brilliant history but mathematics was, in the main, a shorthand for linguistic statement or a *techne*, a special tool for special technical requirements within the framework of linguistic description. In the course of the seventeenth century this ceased to be true, and there began a revolution which has transformed for ever man's relationship to reality and the

shapes of intellectual apprehension. With Descartes' formulation of analytic geometry, with Fermat's development of the theory of functions, and with the development by Newton and Leibniz of calculus, mathematics turn from being a dependent notation into being a tremendously rich, complex, and dynamic language. And the history of this language has been essentially that of progressive untranslatability. It is still possible to translate back into verbal speech the concepts of classical geometry and classical functional analysis. As analysis develops and turns into topology, however, this becomes ever less possible. Once mathematics explodes into its full powers, with Gauss, Cauchy, Abel, and Cantor, it recedes from the language at an ever accelerated pace, or rather it develops languages of its own as complete and articulate as those of words. And between these languages and that of verbal speech, the bridges grow more and more tenuous until at last they are down. No degree of linguistic cunning or conceptual clarity can suffice to translate into words the meaning and grammar of transfinite numbers or tensorial calculus.

Language of Mathematics

There is absolutely no use trying to talk intelligibly about such basic concepts of our present universe as quanta, the interminacy principle, the relativity constant or parity, if one cannot talk about them in their true language, that is to say in mathematics. Chemistry still uses words derived from an earlier descriptive stage; but let us not be deceived. The formulas of modern molecular and crystallographic chemistry are a shorthand whose vernacular is not that of common speech but that of mathematics. A modern chemical formula does not abbreviate a linguistic statement; it codifies a numerical operation. Biology is in an interesting intermediary position. For a long time it was, by its very nature, a descriptive science, relying heavily on the precise and suggestive use of language. The truth of Darwin's biological and zoological propositions was still anchored in his expert manipulations of traditionally meaningful words. In post-Darwinian biology, however, mathematics begins gaining the predominant role. Today, large areas of biology such as genetics are mathematical. Where biology has turned chemical—and today biochemistry is obviously the controlling strain—it has relinquished the descriptive for the enumerative and the predictive. It has abandoned the word for the figure.

In certain respects it is no paradox to assert that much of reality now begins *outside* language. This great fact of the split in western culture has, moreover, had a profound effect on numerous branches of the humanities, or of what used to be called, in an adjuration to unity, the humane sciences. Observe how history, economics, sociology, have turned away from the primacy of the word. The turn begins in the nineteenth century with such men as Ricardo, Ranke, Comte, and Taine. The cult of the positive, the exact, and the predictive invaded history. The new historian consigns Gibbon and Macaulay to the contemptuous limbo of *belles-lettres*. He is a scientist, ferreting out the exact fact, the statistical figure, the normative concept which will allow him, like Hegel or Spengler, to apply the laws of history to the future. The very notion, the laws of history, is a borrowing from the conceptual world of the mathematical sciences. And it is in becoming ever more like a mathematical science that Comte saw for the humanities the only future in a positive age. Today, the result is with us: there are the literate historians like Miss C. V. Wedgwood and Sir Winston Churchill; on the other side are the Namierites—not Sir Lewis himself but his disciples who take ferocious pride in writing monographs and books in as illiterate a style as possible in order to demonstrate the uncompromising scientific rigour of their subject.

Or take economics: its classic masters, Adam Smith, Ricardo, Malthus, Marsh, and so on, were masters of language. In the late nineteenth century began the brilliant development of mathematical economics. We can nearly put our finger on the turning point. It occurs in Keynes, a great artist of prose and one of the last economists able to span the humane and the mathematical branches of economics. Discussing the contributions to economic thought of young Ramsey, Keynes points out that a number of them are of fundamental importance but that the mathematics involved in them are too difficult for the layman or the classical economist to follow. Today economics is increasingly becoming econometrics.

The alphabet of economics is no longer the word, it is the chart, the graph, and the number. The great economists of the present day are men who are applying to a special order of phenomena a series of analytic and predictive tools developed for them by analytic geometry and the functional analysts of nineteenth-century mathematics.

Vehement Obscurity

Finally there are those pursuits that call themselves, significantly, the social sciences. As practised by their exponents, particularly in Germany and America, they are largely illiterate or anti-literate. Their papers and books are written in a jargon of vehement obscurity. Wherever they can, they replace the verbal concept with the mathematical or statistical expression, the curve, the graph. Where they cannot, they inject into language pseudowords borrowed from the exact sciences ('norms', 'group', 'scatter', 'functions', 'integrations'). All these are words with a specific mathematical or notational content. Emptied of it they become the pretentious, deceptive jargon of the American sociologist: and in using such jargon he pays eloquent tribute to the fact that all exact knowledge must seek to assume the respectability of the natural and mathematical sciences.

Nowhere, however, is this retreat from the word more visible and startling than in philosophy. Classic and medieval philosophy were profoundly committed to the dignity and resources of language; to the belief that words, when handled with sufficient exactitude and subtlety, could bring the mind into correspondence with reality. Again, the turning point comes in the seventeenth century with Spinoza. The *Ethics* represents the formidable impact upon a philosophic temper of the new evolution of mathematics. In mathematics, Spinoza saw that absolute rigour of argument, that absolute consistency, and above all that total certitude of result, which is the ultimate hope of all major metaphysics. He saw also the progression from axiom to demonstration and new concept which Euclidean geometry exemplifies and which not even the severest of scholastic philosophies had achieved. With a superb naivety, Spinoza sought to make of the language of philosophy a kind of verbal mathematics. Hence the division of the *Ethics* in axioms, theorems, demonstrations, and corollaries. Hence the proud '*Q.E.D.*' at the close of each set of propositions.

It is a queer, entrancing book. Yet, looking through it, we see nothing but a further image of itself. It is a vast tautology. Unlike numbers, words do not necessarily lead to consequent demonstrations. Added or divided, they give only other words or other versions of themselves. Yet Spinoza's vain attempt was prophetic. It was he who faced all later philosophy with an inescapable dilemma: the fact that philosophers are men using language to clarify language, like diamond cutters using diamonds to shape other diamonds. After Spinoza, metaphysics had lost its innocence. The philosophers began seeing in language not the road to insight but a spiral which will always bring the mind back to its point of departure.

The Inexpressible

After Whitehead, Frege, Tarsky, and Russell it has become possible for many philosophers to assert that a modern philosopher must be a man who has passed through the disciplines of mathematics. No one was more aware of these impulses than Wittgenstein, the greatest of modern philosophers. His entire work starts out from the question of whether there is any conceivable or verifiable relation between the word and the fact, or whether the fact is not merely the solidification in the mind of the suggestions deposited there by language. He seems to ask, can reality be spoken of, when speech is merely a kind of infinite regression, words being used to speak of other words. The famous proposition of the *Tractatus*, 'What can be said at all can be said clearly: and whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent', is not a claim for the potentialities of language. On the contrary, it is a total retreat from the comprehensive claims of classical philosophy. It leads to the equally famous conclusion: 'It is clear that Ethics cannot be expressed'. And under the class of the inexpressible (what he calls the mystical) Wittgenstein includes most of the traditional realms of philosophic thought. Language can deal

(concluded on page 60)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 6-12

Wednesday, July 6

Mutiny breaks out in the army of the new Republic of the Congo; the Belgian Commander resigns

Mr. Aneurin Bevan dies, aged sixty-two (see page 44)

Local telephone calls, and some trunk calls, are to be cheaper

The International Lawn Tennis Federation decides against an 'open' Wimbledon next year

Thursday, July 7

Four people are killed and many injured in communist riots in Italian industrial city of Reggio Emilia

Outbreaks of violence against Europeans take place in the Congo

Friday, July 8

Agreement is reached in Leopoldville between the Congolese Government and the mutinous troops about the command of the army

Police start a big round-up of Mau Mau suspects in Kenya

Mr. Khrushchev returns to Moscow after his visit to Austria

Saturday, July 9

Belgian troops are sent to the aid of Europeans in the Katanga province of the Congo

Mr. Khrushchev warns the United States not to intervene in Cuban affairs

First tanker to use new refinery at Milford Haven blows up while discharging cargo

Sunday, July 10

Mr. Moise Tshombe, the Prime Minister of the Congo province of Katanga, asks British Government for Rhodesian troops to help restore law and order. Belgian parachute troops arrive in Elizabethville. Cyprus is to be declared an independent republic on August 16

Unofficial strike of seamen at Liverpool spreads to the Clyde

Monday, July 11

Soviet Union sends notes of protest to the United States, Britain and Norway, in which it is claimed that on July 1 an American aircraft from a British base was shot down over Russian territorial waters within the Arctic Circle

Prime Minister of Katanga declares province independent of the Congo Republic. Cuba complains to U.N. Security Council of 'economic aggression' by U.S.

Unofficial strike of 300 men at three London Transport power stations causes widespread disorganization during rush hours

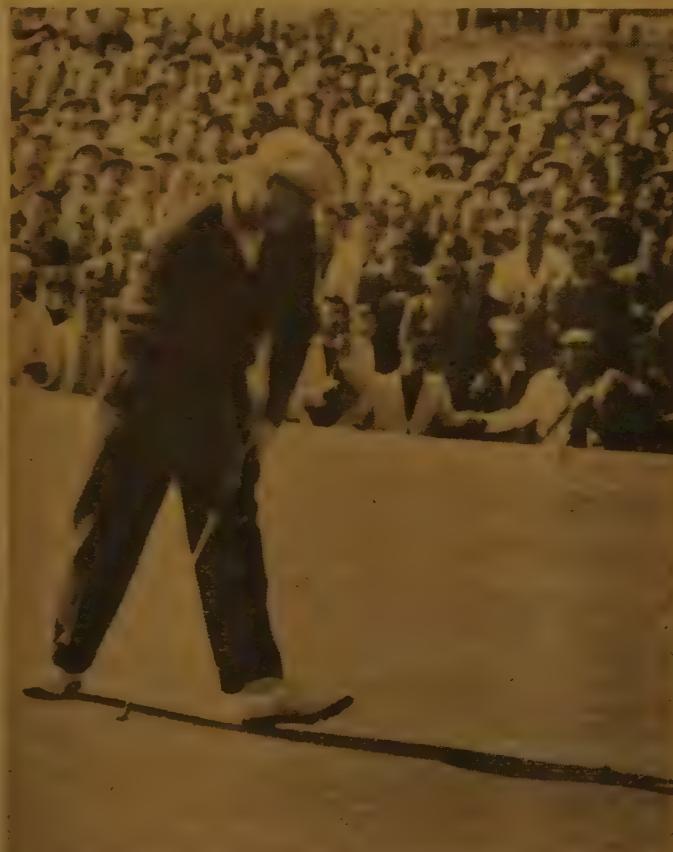
Tuesday, July 12

The Prime Minister tells the House of Commons that he will discuss with President Eisenhower how to improve the arrangements for joint decisions on the use of American bases in Britain

The Congo Government asks for United States troops to be sent to the Congo to help restore order



The agreement on the future of Cyprus being initialled at Government House, Nicosia, on July 6. Seated, left to right, are Mr. George Christopoulos, Greek Consul-General in Nicosia; Archbishop Makarios; Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, and Mr. Julian Amery, the Colonial Under-Secretary. Dr. Kutchuk signed on behalf of the Turkish Cypriots



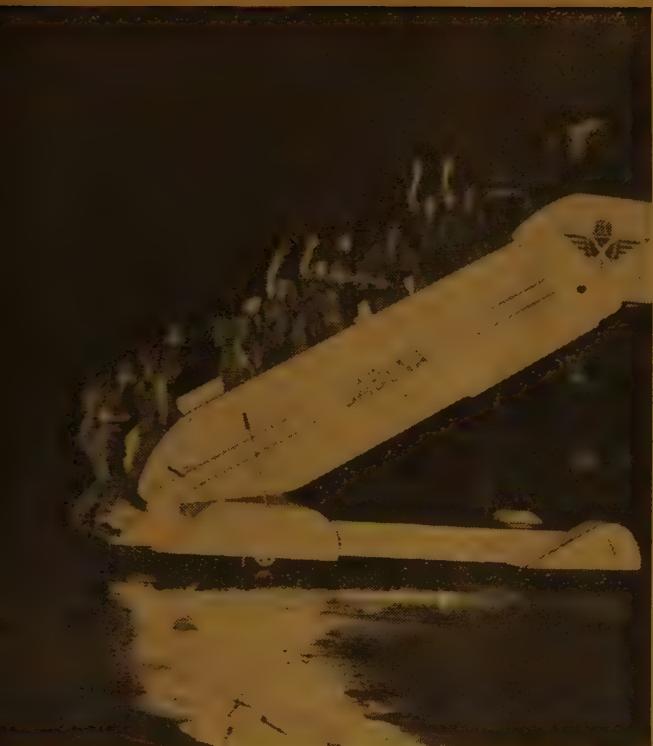
Kel Nagle of Australia about to make his last putt to win the centenary open golf championship at St. Andrews, Scotland, on July 9, with an aggregate score of 278. He was strongly challenged by Arnold Palmer of America, who had an aggregate of 279

Right: The Duke of Edinburgh talking last week to students who are helping to clear undergrowth from Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire. The Duke was visiting nature reserves to see the work of the conservation corps of the Council of Nature of which he is patron



Women parading through the streets of M during celebrations marking the creation received i





The establishment of independence in the formerly Belgian-administered African territory of the Congo was followed last week by mutiny in the army against its Belgian officers, and violence against the white population broke out in a number of towns. *Above, left:* Belgian troops leaving Brussels airport for the Congo to help restore order. *Above, right:* Belgian refugees, including nuns, crowding the landing stage at Leopoldville in an attempt to cross the river to Brazzaville



Refugees of Somalia in East Africa, on July 1, from the independent republic: a photograph taken last week



Two members of a Turkish team rehearsing a sword dance during the International Musical Eisteddfod at Llangollen, North Wales, last week



The national memorial statue of Earl Lloyd George which was unveiled by the Prime Minister in Cardiff on July 8. The figure, which is the work of Michael Rizzello, faces the National Museum of Wales

Left: Diana, a puma at Whipsnade Zoo, with her five-week-old twin kittens which she brought out of hiding during public visiting hours for the first time last week

(concluded from page 57)

with a certain very special segment of reality. The rest—by far the vaster portion—is silence.

It is perfectly clear that there has taken place in the history of modern art and music a similar retreat from the categories of language. In art, realism and representationalism correspond to that period of history in which language is at the centre of intellectual and emotional life. The picture has a title which deliberately relates it to the verbal concept. We can give a linguistic account of its subject. With Van Gogh's revolutionary assertion that he painted not what he saw but what he felt, the bridge to language is cut. For what is seen can be transposed into words albeit in a diminished or inadequate degree; what is felt occurs at some level previous to language or beyond it. It can find its equivalent only in the specific medium of colour and spatial organization. Abstract and non-objective art not only exist independently

from any means of linguistic equivalent; they declare that the very possibility of such an equivalent is a mark of impurity. Where it works only in part, as in much of Jackson Pollock, it becomes a kind of pre-conceptual ornamentation, like wallpaper. Where it fails (and it does so in the majority of instances), it is an inhumane gibberish of colours saying nothing and addressing itself to none in a kind of frenzied solipsism.

The problem of music is, obviously, a different one. Music is formally related to language only where it sets a text, where it is music of a specific exterior occasion, or where it is programme music. It has always had its own syntax, its own symbolism, and its own vocabulary. Indeed, music is the chief language of the mind when the mind is in a condition of non-verbal feeling. But even within music there has been a movement away from the reaches of language. A classical sonata or symphony is not in any

way a verbal statement. But nevertheless there is in the classical forms of musical organization a certain grammar, or articulation in time, which does have analogies to the processes of language. Language cannot translate into itself the binary structure of a sonata, but the statement of successive subjects, the fact of variation on them, and the closing recapitulation do convey an ordering of experience to which language has valid parallels. In modern music, in what post-Wagnerians call pure music, this is no longer the case. Atonality, *musique concrète*, electronic music, are violent departures from the domain of intelligible equivalence. They deny to the listener any recognition of content; or, more accurately, they deny him the possibility of relating the pure auditory content to any other form of experience. Like the non-objective canvas, the piece of new music dispenses with a title, lest that title prove a false bridge back to the world of descriptive and verbal concepts.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Labour Party

Sir.—The penetrating talk by Mr. Ivan Yates (THE LISTENER, June 30) on 'Power and Democracy in the Labour Party' shows how rapidly opinion on this subject has changed in a few years. The dangers of letting policy be settled by mass conferences were well appreciated by earlier statesmen—Gladstone ignored the 'Newcastle Programme' foisted upon the Liberal Party in 1891 and Balfour said he would as soon consult his valet on policy as the Conservative conference—but ten years ago the subordination of the Parliamentary Labour Party to the Labour conference was widely regarded as a mark of the superior democratic nature of the party.

Mr. Yates rightly cites the refusal of the Labour Government to carry out the resolutions of the Labour conference asking for the abolition of tied cottages. Even more relevant are the repeated resolutions of the Labour conference on the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, for the Labour Government tried (unsuccessfully) to achieve a completely different policy, namely the creation of a unitary Jewish-Arab state.

In writing *The Party System in Great Britain* in 1953 I came to the same conclusion as Mr. Yates, namely:

In practice Labour leaders will either successfully control the voting at their conference or may decide to ignore it, while Conservative leaders may decide that the advice of a Conservative conference is so compelling that it must be accepted even though it goes against their judgement (page 203).

Yours, etc.,
London, W.8 IVOR BULMER-THOMAS

Criminal Responsibility

Sir.—The discussion on criminal responsibility (Third Programme, June 29) between Lady Wootton and Professor Hart was useful in

clarifying some of the problems involved in working out a system of punishment in which the question of responsibility is by-passed and one asks only 'What would be the best thing to do?', where by 'the best thing' is meant something like 'the thing most likely to cure or deter'. May I comment on two difficulties which were not, I think, explicitly raised in the discussion?

First, there is a danger of injustice in the application of such a system unless there exists reliable knowledge of the measures that are effective in curing or reforming criminals of all kinds. It would be very undesirable to 'justify' sentences by saying that their purpose is to cure the offender if in fact there are no known means of doing this. If it is held that the only purposes for which anyone may be punished are to cure or to reform, then where neither of these purposes can be achieved it is unjust to administer any form of punishment. But the feeling that someone who has committed a crime deserves to be punished whether this has an effect on his subsequent behaviour or not is a strong one. The danger of the kind of system favoured by Lady Wootton is that it might provide a respectable disguise for sentences of a purely penal character. It can be argued that it is a merit of the retributive view of punishment (and of the conventional deterrent view) that one does not need to pretend that by punishing a man one is doing him good.

The second difficulty is more fundamental. Lady Wootton thinks that in criminal cases 'one should think only about what is the best way to deal with people', and she believes that to do so is an alternative to raising the question of responsibility, or that it makes it unnecessary to raise it. On the contrary, if one is to consider 'the best way to deal with people' one cannot avoid raising the question of responsibility. Failure to realize this is due to the use of terms like 'treatment' and 'cure' in an ill-defined sense. At times Lady Wootton seemed

to use 'treatment' to cover any measures that might be taken to prevent a man from repeating a crime. To use the word in this way blurs the vital distinction between the type of criminal who is suffering from some classifiable mental condition which can be treated psychiatrically, and (at the other extreme) the type who deliberately commits a crime from a motive such as gain. To say that treatment is an appropriate way of dealing with the second is to commit the fallacy, pointed out by Lady Wootton, of arguing that the criminal must be ill because he has committed a crime. But if we admit that some criminals, though sane, reject normal moral standards, then we must surely say that for them not treatment (in any normal sense) but some kind of education is the appropriate method of preventing a recurrence. Now the distinction between treatment and education is inseparable from the distinction between non-rational and rational means of influencing behaviour, and this distinction in its turn implies the distinction between what we cannot help and what we can—between, that is, non-responsible and responsible behaviour.

Thus, to make the effect on the subsequent behaviour of the criminal the basis of punishment does not enable one to by-pass the question of responsibility, since in order to decide what is the appropriate way of dealing with a particular criminal one must first decide whether he is capable of being influenced by rational considerations.

The underlying reason for Lady Wootton's desire to see the notion of responsibility wiser away seems to be that she associates it with a particular theory of punishment—the retributive theory. But this is a confusion. We do not raise the question of responsibility only when we want to allot blame or inflict punishment. We may raise it in order to decide what kind of reformatory methods are likely to be effective.

Yours, etc.,
Durham J. H. BENSON

Independence of the Congo

Sir,—In the discussion by B.B.C. correspondents of the repercussions of the independence of the Congo (THE LISTENER, July 7), Mr. Peter Flinn dealt briefly with the question: 'How do people feel about it in South Africa?' It should, I think, be pointed out that in his reply Mr. Flinn used the term 'South Africans' in a special and restricted sense; namely, with exclusive reference to South Africans of European origin. This should be borne in mind in regard to the following statement by Mr. Flinn: 'The connexions here—trade and culture—are not with Africa at all but with Europe, and South Africans think that they can keep it that way. They believe that they can go on being different'.

A subsequent remark by Mr. Flinn also invites comment. He says that the Africans of South Africa have enough professional graduates to fill two or three Congo parliaments; and indicates that this is the result of three centuries of opportunity 'given by white rulers'. This is in a sense true, provided that by 'rulers' is not meant the Government, which has not in the past taken the initiative in providing higher educational opportunities for Africans, and which is at present engaged in dismantling the existing facilities for the higher education of non-Europeans, and substituting for them a system of racially exclusive colleges in which a special and officially approved type of education will be dispensed.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

C. C. TURPIN

Chinese Shadow Plays

Sir,—I feel compelled to challenge the statement in THE LISTENER relative to the forthcoming production, by Dr. Max Bührmann at the York Festival, of scenes from Chinese shadow plays, that 'this is, believed to be the first professional production of shadow plays in this country'.

In his *History of the English Puppet Theatre*, Mr. George Speaight writes: 'On December 5, 1775, Messrs. Ambrose and Brunn announced that the *Ombres Chinoises* . . . would be performing daily at what was already London's favourite puppet theatre, the Great Room, in Panton Street'. Mr. Speaight explains that the 'Chinese Shadows' was a shadow show, forming a black-and-white silhouette picture upon the screen.

In the nineteenth century London's itinerant Punch and Judy performers had the habit of converting their booths into miniature shadow theatres at night, stretching a piece of white material across the proscenium and manipulating cut-out figures behind with the aid of a candle for illumination. This was known as the 'Galanty Show'. Along with the 'juvenile drama' or toy theatre, the shadow show was something of a popular children's entertainment, to be contrived by themselves; some years ago I reissued *The Wonderful Crocodile*, a Galanty Show from *Every Little Boy's Book*, first published in 1866.

Mme Lotte Reiniger, the famous maker of silhouette films, prepared a shadow-theatre version of Oscar Wilde's story of 'The Happy Prince', for the Hogarth Puppets of Mr. Jan Bussell and Miss Ann Hogarth. This they have toured most successfully for a considerable period.

Yours, etc.,

GERALD MORICE

Malvern Member of the Council of Union Nationale des Marionnettes

'The Leopard'

Sir,—In reply to the letters in THE LISTENER about my late husband's book, *The Leopard*: zoologically, the *gattopardo* is a wild species of African mountain-cat, but the author never thought about that. As he himself states in one of his letters, he called his book *Il gattopardo* because the people in Palma called in

their Sicilian dialect the leopard in his coat-of-arms, displayed on churches and monuments, *il gattopardo*, the cat-pardo, exactly as they call Garibaldi's *cane-pardo*, dog-pard. The slightly ironical implication of this would of course have been lost in the translation, and Mr. Colquhoun did very well choosing the title as he did.

In Spanish the book is called *El gatopardo*. In the Russian émigré-papers in Paris it is called *Bars* (cheetah) which is a mistake.

The French editor M. da-Seuil wrote to me he had chosen the word *guépard* (cheetah, in Italian *ghepardo* not *gattopardo*; dictionaries, including Larousse, are often mistaken) because a book called *Le Léopard* had just come out in France.—Yours, etc.,

Palermo ALESSANDRA DI LAMPEDUSE

Paper-back Books

Sir,—I was much interested in the letter from Canon B. F. Relton about *The Penny Poets*. The first number appeared in July 1895, and was dedicated to the Empress Frederick. My husband collected them, and they were afterwards bound in the special covers issued by *Review of Reviews*. I still possess fourteen slim, handy booklets. They have given much pleasure, and are most useful for reference and invaluable for crossword clues.—Yours, etc.,

Lapworth

E. PODMORE

'William King's Profession'

Sir,—In a review of *William King's Profession* on page 1025 of THE LISTENER, June 9, Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall writes:

One searches in vain for even the simplest facts, such as the date of King's birth, his age when Joseph died, or first appeared in spirit form.

In actual fact all this information is available to anyone who will take the trouble to look at pages 21, 26, and 188.—Yours, etc.,

London, W.8

CHARLES DRAGE

Three Poems

The 'Dorset Nose'

Startling to observe on the face of a Dorset Yeoman,
Over his darts and beer,
The powerful nose of a grave and ancient Roman,
Imperious, austere.

Yet each generation, weaving in its buried Romes
An endless cycle of return,
Unearts among its normal chromosomes
This unexpected urn.

For Caesar's legions, claiming our land as his
When they had quelled the Gauls,
Did not employ their whole four centuries
Marching and building walls.

Though scorning their master's treatise on defence,
His interest in Latin prose,
They shared his other tastes—and hence
This flying-buttress of a nose.

So some genetic memory of tenderness
Where Roman and Briton join
Can on irregular features still impress
The formal profile of a coin.

CLIVE SANSOM

Lihou Island

One who had seen her, sunlit, from this ledge
Must steal by night across the shallow seas
To her grey, rocky and forbidding edge.

Wading thigh-deep over a stone causeway
He slips and stumbles, crawls on hands and knees,
Staggers ashore at last and rests till day;

Then patiently awaits Calliope
Among habituate, whining ghosts who pray,
Unanswered, in a crumbling priory.

Her silence his brash certainty denies;
His faith complete, he looked to see a sign;
But no prophetic birds span thundering skies.

By day a dumb rain falls; the wind is blind;
At night, no goddess comes to him in sleep,
But shrieking nightmares seize him from behind.

Now, too-long starved to cross a racing tide,
He rules a land that will have none of him,
Not from Her throne, but lying on his side.

JOHN BIRAM

Silence

If, instead of eye-balls, my eye-sockets housed the great night,
A vision of the world would flower in me
Fashioned by my other senses.

But if all my other senses lost
Their way to the great night,
Then in my solitude I should apprehend
The secret chant of utter silence.

FRANCIS KING

Translated from the Greek of George Th. Vafopoulos

Painting of the Month

'The Music Party', by Antoine Watteau

By MICHAEL AYRTON

THE MUSIC PARTY' hangs in a room at the Wallace Collection which contains seven paintings by Watteau—and it must be about the only room in England which does. Two other large ones hang in a room nearby.

As a picture it is by no means Watteau's greatest achievement. It is not so beautiful—to me, at least—as two other little panels in the same gallery, the 'Harlequin and Columbine' and the small version of the 'Champs Elysées'; nor is it so perfect as the painting at Dulwich; nor does it compare with the 'Gilles' in the Louvre; nor does it approach for one moment the supreme, the last, the incomparable 'L'Enseigne de Gersaint', that shop sign for a picture dealer, which is now in Berlin. Yet 'The Music Party' has Watteau's special magic, and it is because this magic is present in all his works in all circumstances, because he could not touch a crayon to paper, nor a brush—even a dirty brush—to canvas, without creating a fragment of unique and mysterious quality, that I have chosen to discuss it here. It displays his faults, and his debts to Rubens and the Venetians. It even contains an unusual, an amazing, piece of clumsiness, totally unlike him in its imperfection.

But if you look at it where it hangs with the work of his immediate followers—with paintings extraordinarily similar in subject and treatment by Pater and Lancret; with paintings by subsequent generations who also owed their vision to him—then even the admirable and accomplished pictures of Boucher fade into insignificance in Watteau's company; even the

masterpieces of Fragonard. When you leave the room, it is Watteau who leaves it with you, Watteau who haunts you.

'The Music Party' is typical Watteau in its choice of subject, the disposition of the figures, the limpid delicacy of its landscape. His world was a stage peopled by aristocrats who have no pressing problems: by ladies to whom the whispered compliment is all and gentlemen who turn a phrase and execute a gesture with studied elegance. Yet they are melancholy. When they sing one can almost hear with what subtle phrasing the gentlemen blend their light tenor voices with the soft mezzo-soprani of the ladies. The songs are by Lully: the voices would not be adequate for opera. They have no cares, these people, yet they are melancholy. They are always in the garden, but the day is never hot. Their love is formal, their lust a matter of prestige.

Why, then, are those puppets so moving? They are butterflies. One can well understand why, less than a century later, the stern puritans who followed Jacques Louis David, the great artist of the French revolution, should have brushed them aside, and why David's pupils should have flicked bread pellets—bread pellets black with charcoal from rubbing at their nobly wooden drawings—at the Watteau which hung in their life class. And that painting was 'L'Embarquement pour L'Île de Cythère', depicting a party of young people taking ship for the island of love. This was his diploma picture—and the first to be called a *fête galante*.

But to see the participants in Watteau's pictures as ghosts is to be too hasty. Slight and

inconsequential though their activities may be, feckless as they may seem, they have bones and flesh and blood. The strength of their forms, beneath the rustling silks, is by no means insubstantial. Watteau was after all a Fleming, for all his Parisian delicacy, and a trace of that robust race is always apparent in the drawing of his figures. Furthermore, Watteau's debt to Rubens is so strong that the same blood seems to run in their veins, even though in Watteau it was thinned by the ravages of consumption.

The Goncourts say that Rubens 'wanders a stranger through Watteau's *fêtes champêtres* where the tumult of the senses has been stilled', and certainly the earthy richness of Rubens, although he 'lives on in [Watteau's] palette of carmine and golden flesh tints' is not at first apparent in Watteau's painting. His colour, often silvered by his love for Veronese's cooler range, is lunar where Rubens's echoes the full blaze of sun. The fat rollick of Rubens's dancing peasants, the vigorous activities of his robust divinities, is transmuted to the elegant posturing of slender members of the smart set. But without the warm example and noble repose of Rubens's 'Garden of Love' the amorous conduct of Watteau's *fêtes champêtres* might have been differently conceived.

Given to Nostalgia

Watteau was one of those artists naturally given to nostalgia. To him, one suspects, a golden age—an age of Rubens, of Titian's 'Bacchanals', of the fiery loves of gods with mortals—lived on as in a dream, silver, not golden.

*Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé,
Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé,*

as Paul Verlaine, re-evoking Watteau in his turn, saw and celebrated the silver age, then passed.

Yet they are not spectres. The fingers, taut and bony, with which Mezzetin tunes his lute in the centre of 'The Music Party' are vital and full of strength, but a sinewy, not a weighty strength. Look at the hands in Watteau's drawings and paintings and their muscularity is as astonishing as their delicacy. They clamp the lute strings, where Rubens wrapped them round a sword hilt; but could Watteau's gentlemen not have held a rapier, if necessary?

Watteau chose the *fête champêtre* or *fête galante* as it came to be called in his work, as the setting for his elegants. It has a long tradition. This glade, this gently disordered garden you can see peopled by graceful personages through the colonnade in 'The Music Party', was once the home of pagan gods. Bellini, looking back to a dream of Parnassus, had the gods' picnic there, and Titian got them drunk. Rubens got them drunker; Poussin calmed them in the evening. In such a place Giorgione was at home. On Greek islands now bare and washed as the seashore, such as Andros and Naxos, the gods had trifled with privileged mortals, and their stories, conjured by Philostratus, had sent the painters of Venice into a dream of wine and golden glory, 2,000 years later.



'The Music Party', by Antoine Watteau

Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the Wallace Collection

Watteau took this place—this dream landscape—and peopled it with the gentry. He took the details of the landscape itself from the Luxembourg Gardens and made an Elysium of the Champs Elysées and peopled it, not with gods, but with gallants. But who are these idle persons? They are not the courtiers of Versailles, all pomp and protocol. They are not the vagabonds of the theatre, whose costumes they often wear, and in whom Watteau's master, Claude Gillot, took such saturnine pleasure. They are a poet's figments, a concourse *en travesté*, dressed sometimes in the costumes of the ball, sometimes as Pierrot, Harlequin, Scapin, Tartaglia, Gilles, and Mezzetin. And even these rakish puppets trace their ancestry, in the *Commedia dell'Arte*, to the Atellan fables of ancient Rome. Puppets with a lineage, they refine their bawdy jokes for ladies' ears, but the gossip is still a scandal.

Vitality and Precision

What is important—what saves Watteau from *fin de siècle langueurs*—is that vitality and precision which, however broken in health he himself was (and he was slowly dying of tuberculosis in all the latter part of his life), he imparted to his figures in painting and above all in drawing. He avoided sentimentality by the sheer penetration of his glance. He was a matchless observer of living people and a great natural draughtsman.

There is a study in chalks by Watteau of three seated women. One of them reaches across her guitar, her shoulder as tense as steel under the satin. Her hand is not in sight yet, her fingers pluck the strings with sharp accuracy, and you can feel this from the action of her arm. The turned head is vigorously concentrated, crisply modelled, as sharply cut as a cameo. In 'The Music Party' to which she has been transferred, she is softer, and this brings us to the sad fact that, great though he was, Watteau's temperament all too frequently betrayed him in the execution of a painting. The drawings are incomparable, the painting is seldom quite so fresh, quite so crisp.

He was impatient—so impatient that his friend and biographer Le Comte de Caylus criticized him most sternly for it. In his love for rapidity of effect—and he worked at fantastic speed—he made no proper preparation for a picture. He would select from his sketch-books a group of drawings and transpose them to canvas. All the main figures in 'The Music Party' exist as separate drawings made at different times, except, by chance, that of the central figure with a lute, which has been lost although an engraving of it does exist.

Having selected a group he would paint *du premier coup*, using thick paint, and if he wished to correct a passage he would rub it away with an oily rag and paint again at once. He rarely cleaned his palette and, according to Caylus, the pot of thick oil he used was 'full of dirt and dust, and mixed with all sorts of colours which adhered to his brushes'. The result was the eventual ruin sometimes of whole pictures, sometimes of parts of them. In 'The Music Party' the lady with her hands folded in the left-hand group is badly discoloured, and the Negro page on the right is clotted and messy, especially his head and left hand. A further maladroitness and an astonishing one is the hand of the figure of Gilles on the extreme

left of the group. In the drawing for it the hand lies loosely on the chair-back, faultlessly drawn. In the painting it is hastily and horribly botched—ill-articulated, deformed even—so badly indeed that one might charitably hope it is the work of a restorer. But I fear it is not. In many of Watteau's finest pictures one may find this kind of deterioration, this small hint of carelessness.

Watteau's exclusive use of existing drawings was unusual. Most artists of his time made specific preparatory drawings for their different pictures. Rubens, for instance—Watteau's great forerunner—has left hundreds of composition studies and detailed drawings from models, clearly made with specific pictures in mind. True, he would sometimes insert a figure from an earlier picture of his own, or even sometimes a figure from another artist's work, but in general he would plan a new composition with the care of a general launching an attack. When his plan of campaign was fully envisaged his army of assistants would put the prepared plan into action, transferring the drawings to canvas. Rubens might then make drastic alterations in completing the picture, but his forces had been carefully disposed. This careful practice was usual but not invariable. Poussin, although so deliberate and classical a master, seems to have found such preliminary notation largely unnecessary; so did Rembrandt. Their drawings are mostly shorthand notes, however marvellous, and as for Velázquez, since only a handful of drawings of any kind exist by him, it may be that he did the whole job direct on the canvas. Yet Watteau's method is still unusual.

'Mauling the Paint'

As for his painting, the faults are these. Until the nineteenth century paintings were built up in layers and paint was applied thinly, especially in the dark areas of the canvas. Even Rembrandt limited his heavy *impasto* to his lights, and if he over-painted these it was with the thinnest of transparent glazes. This is because it is vital that a passage of oil paint be dry before it is over-painted. By scrubbing out with oil and painting again immediately on the resulting wet surface, Watteau endangered the permanence of his pictures because paint contracts as it dries and different stages of drying contract at different speeds. Wet paint on partially dry paint leads to clotting, wrinkling, and finally cracking, and much twentieth-century painting will die of it. Manipulating this sticky mass is what Sickert used to call 'mauling the paint', and although it is extraordinary to imagine an artist of Watteau's extreme delicacy of touch mauling his paint, that is what from time to time he did.

But Watteau was an artist working against time, and he was, according to Caylus, at once listless and lazy, yet given to a vivacity which inspired in him 'an eager need to transfer at once to canvas some effect conceived in the imagination'. He was, we are told, morose and caustic, timid, ill-favoured, restless, capricious, unstable and of a temperament *sombre et mélancolique*—unhappy qualities some of which may be the symptoms of consumption. We are also told he could produce such drawings as are contained in the magnificent collection of his studies in the British Museum at a rate of one an hour, working in his favourite drawing medium of three chalks—black, white, and sanguine red—on tinted paper. Small wonder,

perhaps, that such virtuosity tempted him to careless rapidity in painting. We are the losers.

Ill-favoured and graceless, Antoine Watteau restored grace to French art after a pompous century of grandiose painting. His greatest French predecessor, Nicolas Poussin, had promoted this tendency in his followers, for Poussin is the noblest of French classical artists, and noble classicism in the hands of those who do not understand it, and cannot encompass it, leads to empty rhetoric. From Watteau stemmed the whole art of the eighteenth century in France, with the one outstanding exception of Chardin, and despite the wonderful gifts of Fragonard most of Watteau's followers were as frivolous and trivial as Poussin's were pompous and rhetorical. In the seventeen-nineties Poussin came back into his own and Watteau was eclipsed by the neo-classicists of whom David and Ingres were the greatest. Watteau was again restored to favour, strangely enough, in no small measure due to Ingres. It is in this way that painting moves between twin poles; and it is in this that its continued vitality may be found.

Look again at 'The Music Party'. The landscape looks back to the god-haunted glades of the golden age and forward to the very best of Fragonard. Impressionism is foreshadowed in the treatment of light, in the way in which that element unifies the image. The colonnade owes much to Rubens's 'Coronation of Maria de' Medici' which the young Watteau had often seen in the Luxembourg Palace. The colour owes much to Veronese. The figures, perfect or botched, are a little imperfectly disposed in space—especially the disproportionate dog—compared with such wonderful achievements as 'The Ball in the Colonnade' in the Dulwich Gallery or—greatest of all—'L'Enseigne de Gersaint' in Berlin.

Why, then, did I choose this picture which I have been so ready to criticize in detail? I did not do it capriciously, or perhaps I did. If I did, it was a Watteau-esque caprice on my part. It is because, for no reason that I can adequately explain, I am haunted by it. It is in this that Watteau's magic defies analysis. There is a slim thread of this special magic running right through the history of painting, and it is curiously consistent. Giorgione had it and, having cast his spell over the art of the Venetians, died young. Watteau in a mere twelve years of maturity threw a net of imagery over the whole eighteenth century, far beyond Paris, and he set his scene in just that Cythera, those Elysian Fields, inhabited by Giorgione's lute-player and his friends in the 'Concert Champêtre', now in the Louvre. The young Gainsborough and the young Goya both visited the place and went their different ways. It is an enchanted place.

A Magic that Haunts

When I was asked to choose a picture I said at once 'Les Charmes de la Vie'—the original title of 'The Music Party'. When I went again to look at it I could not think why I should have chosen it rather than the Dulwich picture or even two others in the same room at the Wallace Collection. It is a mystery to me. Some pictures haunt the mind in a special way. Giorgione, the greatest of all such alchemists, defies explanation at any level, Watteau at one. His magic haunts the mind when one is not looking at his pictures.—*Home Service*

Milton's God

Adam and Eve

The second of three talks by WILLIAM EMPSON on 'Paradise Lost'

MANY people have felt a chivalrous indignation at Milton's treatment of the Fall of Eve, and say he treats her unjustly. I sympathize very much; but they thought, at such points, that they were finding what is wrong with *Paradise Lost*, and I think they were finding what makes it so good, or at any rate so interesting; often the poem is like the novels of Kafka. Milton would have answered here that he had merely brought out what was in the Bible; the question was whether God was just to Eve, not whether Milton was. The Fall of Eve is much more interesting, at any rate, if you realize that she is faced with a serious intellectual difficulty.

But how was it Milton came to do this? For one thing, he was driving all along towards the Doctrine of the Fortunate Fall; it is extremely prominent at the end of the poem, though most people feel that Milton could not make himself exhilarated by it. This old paradox, that the Fall was a good thing, has always been regarded rather uneasily, but it leaves no doubt that God's ultimate purpose is good, and the literal mind of Milton felt that it should be firmly used. He is thus free to insist, with harsh and startling logic, that God intends the Fall all along; however wicked the plan may be in the mind of Satan, it is God's plan, too. Satan thinks it is a triumph to reach Paradise, but God has arranged it for him. The most startling example of this comes at the end of his journey, when the angelic guard catch Satan at the ear of Eve and are preparing to send him back to Hell in chains, but God hangs his scales in the sky to make them let Satan go. He is thus free to continue with the temptation.

Even this would not be enough, because Adam and Eve are hard to tempt. God has also to send Raphael to tell them about Heaven, ostensibly to warn them against Satan, but in reality, as Milton says, to render them inexcusable. I think this was first pointed out by a French critic, M. Paul Phelps Morand; the idea is particularly hard to swallow, but also, when you read the poem knowing of it, it is very hard to escape.

Satanic Dream

Satan hears Adam and Eve say that they are forbidden to eat the apple and that it would give them knowledge of good and evil; so that night he gives Eve a dream. In the dream an angel tells her that this knowledge is just what she needs, to get to Heaven; 'O fruit divine', he calls the apple, which need only mean teaching divine things:

Forbidd'n here, it seems, as only fit
For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men:
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows,
The Author not impaired, but honoured more?...
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.

She dreams she eats the apple, and then the angel gives her a trial space flight:

... Forthwith up to the clouds
With him I flew, ... wond'ring at my flight and
change
To this high exaltation; ... O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream!

She wakes up flushed but determined to resist, and the comforting Adam says that she is all the more likely not to do it, now she has imagined it; that cannot in itself be a sin. What Eve means by becoming a goddess, evidently, is simply becoming able to do space-travel, like the modest angels whom she continually hears singing around Paradise—that is why she calls it an exalted 'change' to be able to fly. It means being able to go to Heaven; and critics ought not to jeer as if she were a social climber trying to wangle an invite; Milton would consider it a sin not to want to go to Heaven. But she feels even in her sleep that she ought not to try to get there by a forbidden method. It may be that her passions worked on her underground to make her eat the apple afterwards, but she must in any case have been deeply confused by the discourse of Raphael.

Visit from Raphael

When Raphael arrives in Paradise she gives him fruit and nuts for lunch, and he explains in very scientific language that this is just what he requires. Milton thought this important; he believed, like the early Fathers of the Church, that spirit is a subtle kind of matter, as John Donne expounded in sermons, too; also that all matter was originally part of God. But the angel goes on to say:

... from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and winged ascend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell;
If ye be found obedient ...

Eve is bound to prick her ears at having 'as we' thrown in again like this; you would want a flash-back in the film version. The accredited angel is talking just like the mysterious voice in the dream; not only encouraging them to try to get to Heaven, not only saying that what they eat has something to do with it, but even using the same tricks of speech. Raphael of course means her no harm; he is unusually good for a good angel, and feels very embarrassed by his assignment, naturally enough as he has already heard God say that Adam and Eve are certain to fall. But all accidents are within God's providence, and we must suppose God has contrived them. Eve is bound to remember what the mysterious voice said; that God could not really feel himself impaired if Eve ate the apple and acquired moral knowledge.

The Author not impaired, but honoured more...

If Satan is despised in Heaven for this grudging impulse, she may well think, one may be

sure God does not feel it. As soon as the angel has finished his account, Adam asks a practical question about finding the way in space-travel; after all, as they have been told they are expected to fly to Heaven, they cannot be blamed for wanting to know the way. The angel snubs Adam and says that God has made astronomy difficult for the pleasure of laughing at astronomers. Eve, when she hears about this, may well suspect that God must be trailing his coat, testing her in some way; he cannot be quite as malignant as they are being told.

Eve Alone

Next day she argues with Adam till he lets her work in the garden alone; her main argument is that life in Paradise would be too miserable if they must continually huddle together out of fear. All this is partly a result of the visit of the angel, because she feels the need to stretch her wings a bit, with the visit to Heaven before her; she could hardly be admired for not reacting at all. The result is that Satan can catch her alone. Then, the success of his temptation depends on two things which the angel did not say: he did not tell them that Satan had already been caught speaking to her in disguise, and was likely to speak in disguise again; also he did not make clear to them that if they eat the apple all their descendants will be corrupted or born morally diseased. I agree that he manages to blurt out a queer piece of grammar almost to that effect, while he is running-away after Adam has made him blush: 'take heed lest Passion sway', he says; and then

... thine and of all thy sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.

But this cannot much impress Adam and is not said to Eve at all. After their fall they reproach themselves enormously about its effect on their descendants; they would not have fallen if this danger had been made clear to them beforehand. The fact is, of course, that the threat, and indeed the whole doctrine, is not in the first two chapters of Genesis, which Milton is following very scrupulously, and this hint by the angel is as much interpretation of it as he felt he could allow himself to add.

Eve meets the snake unwarmed on these two essential points; but even so it was hard for Milton not to make her look silly. Nothing happens in her life except pleasure and being warned not to eat the apple, and she eats it as soon as she gets away from Adam. It is hard to treat her as high-minded and intelligent, and most critics have thought that Milton does not. It is only recently that they have begun to restore the natural dignity of the Mother of Mankind. Nowadays a critic of Milton brings out his reason why Eve fell as his trademark, so to speak; it sums up his whole position about Milton. I think Milton would have said that Eve did not know why, any more than all we critics do; a lot of arguments have come before her, and she would not know which of them made

her decide. But I think that what decided her was the following argument of the serpent:

... will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass, and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deter'd not from achieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil?

That is, God is not really testing her obedience, when he sets her this elaborate puzzle; what he is testing is her courage, and also the sincerity of her desire to go to Heaven. Her problem thus becomes one of inverse probability, as it often does in intelligence tests; which answer is the tester likely to have thought intelligent? As usual, this makes her feel rather impatient with the tester; she takes a cool tone towards God, and this is what Milton must have considered her only real sin:

In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise.
Such prohibitions bind not . . .

That is, if your God tells you to do something which revolts your conscience, you ought to obey your own conscience whether your God can send you to Hell for it or not. She is not trivial here, though I grant that she ends by claiming that she has a right to be; under the conditions of the problem, as she remarks just before she eats, she cannot be blamed if she solves it wrong:

What fear I then, rather what know to fear
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penalty?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine.

Milton thinks of her as a medieval great lady; she feels: 'The reason all the males keep telling me not to eat the apple, in this nerve-rackingly tedious way, is obviously that they are longing for me to do it. This is the kind of thing they need a Queen to have the nerve to do'; so she does it. It is a splendid invention by Milton to give her this tone, because nothing else would let her do what the story requires and still feel as grand as she ought to do.

The Fall of Adam

We are next to consider the fall of Adam, which has been generally recognized as a moral puzzle; that is, most readers think that even Milton thought that Adam behaves very well. This ricochet movement is always going on when one judges the characters in a story; but Milton is usually thought too much of a pig to understand the case in favour of Eve, or of Satan, or Adam, though he has given it himself. Adam never says he expects to help Eve by joining her in death; he only refuses to take the risk of having to live without her: 'Certain my resolution is to die':

Should God create another Eve, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me, Flesh of Flesh
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.

This thrilling speech was not spoken, either because Adam will not boast to Eve, or because he is anxious to keep control of her and will not confess that he is her slave. When he speaks, he begins by scolding her as usual, and says what she has done is very dangerous, because they are under a boss with an incalculable

temper; but still, judging by what they have heard about Satan, God would look too ridiculous if he killed 'us' at once; and so on. Gradually into his speech Adam inserts the plural grammar, taking for granted that he will join Eve. She weeps for joy that he has passed successfully this test of his love, and Milton remarks that he then ate:

Against his better knowledge, not deceiv'd
But fondly overcome with Female charm.

But Eve has done no charming, and the decision of Adam was immediate. What we find hard is to draw the moral line for a transgression high enough for Milton. Eve did not need to leer at Adam and waggle her hips; what Adam confessed privately to the angel in the previous Book was 'The trouble about this helpmeet God has given me is that, when she tells me to do something, I actually feel that it's the right thing to do'. The angel scolds him severely for feeling this, and it is fairly like what actually happens when Adam chooses to fall. No idea of a danger to his children, not yet born, comes into Adam's mind; in one way he is deciding a point of honour for himself, that he would be ashamed not to choose to die with his wife, and in another way he is calculating how to deal with an unreasonable employer.

Noble Error

One cannot twist the story into a failure by Adam or Eve to work for the best interests of all mankind. Critics often talk nowadays as if only the Romantic Movement invented all this fuss about women; before Shelley, all the men simply harnessed their wives to the plough. This idea is absurd several times over. Milton, I think, did regard both Adam and Eve in his poem as behaving rather like the great lovers in medieval poetry, whereas Milton considered that he lived in a wiser modern world; but still, his first anxiety in describing the Fall of Man was to prevent it from seeming contemptible—he must attach to it all the noble errors in human history. Such is the way his knowledge and his sympathy would work. But then, again, when he composed the thrillingly romantic speech of Adam he was merely putting into verse another bit of the Book of Genesis. It is the Bible that makes Adam say 'A man shall leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife'; and the rubric of the Authorized Version lists this as 'marriage instituted'. I am trying really to mediate between the two sides of the controversy about Milton; and I think they both need to realize that what Shelley said about *Paradise Lost* was a thing Milton understood, though he would have argued back.

We next have the quarrel between Adam and Eve. They have somehow discovered that they have brought a curse upon their whole race, and have to decide whether to produce us or not. They decide to do it, and Milton considers that a good thing; in fact it is the only good thing that happens in the poem apart from the decision of the Christ to sacrifice himself. We have a fine speech of bemoaning by Adam, piling up the injustice of God in making the whole race of man be born corrupt, whereas Adam has begged for all the punishment himself; Milton evidently feels with him. Then Eve comes in, and Adam's first words are 'Out of my sight, thou Serpent'. Adam has to lose the chivalry he felt at his fall, because the text of

the Bible requires him to throw all the blame on Eve at their trial. Milton accepts that, but manages to twist the words of Adam into an accusation against God for making woman wrong; as the trial is going, this line of defence might be the best chance for Eve too.

Expression of 'Lunatic Hatred'

Milton is always determined not to let us feel meanly of our first parents. But Adam just before Eve comes back has been expressing the most lunatic hatred of women in all Milton's work: 'It is so unfair', he says. 'Why do men have to be mucked about by women? Angels don't have to have women'. But we should recognize the straightforward drama of Milton; the next thing that happens is that the generosity of a woman establishes the whole race of mankind. It has long been said that Milton was remembering here what his first wife said when she begged to be taken back, at a point when her impoverished family were obviously on the losing side in the Civil War; probably Milton remembered that, but the story is too grand to be called satisfying an old grudge.

Milton was rather bold, when Eve wins back the race of mankind, to make her absolutely alone. Christian tradition would expect a guardian angel at least, and as for pagan epic it was positively breach of formula to make her do it alone. But she had to, as we see when Adam, though his heart is melted, replies by scolding her as usual; she has repented towards Adam only, continuing to blame God and indeed regarding God as an official whom she might bully till he let Adam off and let Eve take all the punishment. This excites at once intense competition in the mind of her husband. He cannot endure to be beaten at this new game of total generosity; he scolds her for imagining she can be more generous than he is, and ends by shouting that he can shout louder before the throne of God begging for all the punishment than she can. Now this is funny; I am glad to agree that Milton under his heavy style makes Eve look ridiculous, but so he does Adam if you choose to cross-question Adam in the same rough manner. But though they both feel funny they both have a kind of rock-bottom splendour.

I want to end with the speech of Eve; the story is, one must remember, that none of us would have been born if Eve had not had the nerve to say it to a man who was hating her:

Forsake me not thus, Adam, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceiv'd; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My onely strength and stay: forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joining,
As joind in injuries, one enmitie
Against a Foe by doom express assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent: On mee exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
On mee already lost, mee then thy self
More miserable; both have sinnd, but thou
Against God onely, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On mee, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

—Third Programme

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Dean Inge. By Adam Fox.

John Murray. 28s.

Reviewed by J. N. D. KELLY

THIS ENGAGING, gracefully written book presents the portrait of a cleric who, though probably only a name nowadays to people under forty, was one of the most widely known, read, and talked about personalities in Britain during the first half of the century. Dr. Fox apologizes for the lack of incident in his subject's life, but he need not have done so. A man who is at once an intellectual and a character like Inge, and who has his gift for casting a spell upon the public, is bound to make an absorbing study in himself.

Most people think of William Ralph Inge as one of the great deans of St. Paul's. He held that post from 1911 to 1934, yet few deans can have felt so little enthusiasm for the office strictly interpreted. He disliked formal services, preferring to read a book while the choir sang the offices—he had never envisaged the Supreme Being, he confided in his diary, as one who wanted to be serenaded. He found chapter business boring, and felt out of sympathy, at first at any rate, with his colleagues. The fact is, he was not an ecclesiastic but a publicist, and what St. Paul's gave him was the platform, and the limelight, that he needed.

Where then lay the real achievement of this shy, scholarly divine who, as Dr. Fox so well shows, remained a rather humdrum schoolmaster and don (with a brief interlude as a vicar) until he was past fifty? Strangely enough, in the two widely separated fields of mysticism and popular journalism. While teaching at Oxford he came across the Neoplatonist Plotinus, and that led him to study mysticism in general. A liberal modernist in theology, he recognized in the mystical experience a core of reality which no doubt or criticism could erode. Throughout the rest of his life, in a stream of publications learned and popular, he tried to convince people that this was the genuine element in all religion, and pre-eminently in Christianity.

It was as a journalist, however, that he became a household, and much controversial, name. This astonishing phase began in 1919, when his recently published *Outspoken Essays* stimulated certain popular newspapers to solicit contributions from him, and lasted until his death in his nineties. A man with clear-cut ideas on every conceivable subject, he had the gift of saying exactly what he thought in pungent prose. What gave piquancy to his writing was that on many issues his views ran clean counter to fashionable trends. Even those who disagreed with him most fiercely felt drawn, by a masochistic urge, to read what he had written. He enjoyed himself immensely, imagined he was having a salutary influence, and made substantial sums of money; this book makes no bones about the attraction these financial rewards had for him. In retrospect, however, one cannot help wondering whether this immense journalistic effort was not after all a waste of his time.

For this reason, perhaps, one lays the book

down with a twinge of sadness. Canon Fox has done his job with admirable skill and perceptiveness, aided by the voluminous, frankly expressed diaries (would he had been less discreet and had drawn on them even more liberally!) which Inge kept for over sixty years. It is plain that he has more than a sympathetic regard for his formidable subject, so reserved and yet so outspoken, so irritable and absurdly prejudiced and yet so essentially humble, so impatient of established religious dogmas and institutions and yet so truly a man of God. As a result the reader begins to feel that he has come to know Inge, and even to feel an affection for him. But the more he admires and likes him, the greater his regret that his unrivalled talents were not extended to the full in wrestling with the permanent problems of man's lot, but were instead so largely dissipated on the superficial and the transient.

A Bundle of Sensations. By Coronwy Rees. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

The idea of conventional autobiography repels Mr. Rees. It implies a continuous personality, a consistency, that he cannot find in himself. So he gives us a series of chapters which he asks us to take as 'detached episodes arbitrarily abstracted from the changing current of experience, like pieces of driftwood which someone drags ashore from a flood in order to make a fire'. How, he seems to ask, can one make a logical sequence out of accident and absurdity? He holds that it cannot be done without falsification, so he will not attempt it. He deceives himself. He will have it that he is a simple transcriber of reality, but he is nothing of the sort. He is a writer who cannot but indulge in the vital falsification of art, the way to truth. He has what Henry James called 'the only thing', the ability 'to woo combinations and inspirations into being by a depth and continuity of attention and meditation'. In combination, his pieces of driftwood burn with a wonderfully warming flame.

Each chapter is a period portrait. The first describes 'A Childhood in the Chapel'. Coronwy Rees was born the son of a Calvinistic Methodist minister at Aberystwyth, 'our priest-and-professor-ridden little town', which, seen through the eyes of this remembered child, seems menacing indeed. Not since the days of Caradoc Evans can such a bomb have landed on the promenade. Here is a child of the manse who can say of his own father that his voice in the sermon was 'nicely tuned to crack with grief and passion'. What is unmistakable is his affection for this father, whose public and private personalities differed so much. It may be this early view of religious exhibitionism that compels the son's anger with those who demand impossible consistency of the individual.

From the start he is both concerned in events and ironically detached. He does not tell us much about what he does. The book is mostly about the impact of events on him. His style, his omissions and inflexions are indicative of his attitude and action. From Oxford he spends a vacation tutoring the son of a Silesian noble-

man. In 'Scenes of Military Life' we follow his amazed experiences as a gunner in a London Territorial regiment at the outbreak of war. Another chapter tells about the Dieppe raid, preparations and nightmare event. He moves to Germany immediately after victory and accompanies Sir William Strang on a fact-finding tour. The last scene finds him semi-paralysed in a hospital ward after a road accident, slowly achieving communication with men whose sole literary interest lies in the racing news and who speak an incomprehensible lingo that turns out to be English.

Mr. Rees is quite right when he speculates in his foreword 'whether someone else may not be able to find in this bundle of sensations a greater degree of continuity than I have been able to do'. Continuity depends on firm control by a persuasive mind. Here it is achieved. This is a genuine work of art that links disorder into harmony. But there is also, I believe, another reason for the impression this book makes. It lies in the rare blending of personal and historical perspectives. Thus, his period as a political innocent in Silesia becomes an epitome of the confusion that led to Hitler. The menacing European situation is there, seen as a human tangle in a narrative that is never anything but personal and intimate. His 'Scenes of Military Life' is as brilliant an evocation of futility as Mark Twain's 'The Private History of a Campaign that Failed'. In neither essay are we told about the wider course of the war; in both we are poignantly aware that the drifting individual is the source and target of lunacy. This remarkable book is highly personal, yet characteristic of a generation. It will surely last. It has the necessary toughness of surface and recognizable truth in the depths.

IDRIS PARRY

Shakespeare and Company

By Sylvia Beach. Faber. 25s.

At first it may seem that readers who have not heard Sylvia Beach's characteristic voice, in rue de l'Odéon or reminiscent broadcast, are at a disadvantage. Perhaps like James Joyce, with whom her bookshop will always be associated, it carries a family, even a regional or period association lost to us this side of the Atlantic. Yet surely, following her amusing, slightly staccato and at times outspoken narrative, even those who have not had this opportunity will catch something of its tone.

Coming at the heel of the hunt, after many books about the 'twenties on the Left Bank and when Joyce's every quirk has had its recorder, this seems, paradoxically, an excellent introduction. 'Start', one would tell the inquirer, 'with Sylvia Beach. You'll find order there, writers and readers neatly arranged under headings, material as well presented as the system which kept a business going for forty years'. For all her sympathy with the experimental writers, artists, and their camp followers, this daughter of a Presbyterian minister from New Jersey—who shared his love of France with a lively and intelligent family—was never, in a pejorative sense, a Bohemian.



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Sylvia Beach came of a generation for whom the word 'genius' was not yet a newspaper tag and she can still, writing of her first encounter with Joyce, use it sincerely. 'One noticed his hands. They were very narrow . . . His eyes, a deep blue, with the light of genius in them, were extremely beautiful . . . He gave an impression of sensitiveness exceeding any I have ever known'.

Details are added to the story of how she came to publish *Ulysses*, its success, the difficulties of Joyce's life and the struggle for liberty of publication. The book also contains much of interest about Valery Larbaud, André Gide and many other French authors. Sherwood Anderson, Archibald MacLeish and Hemingway were among the numerous compatriots who made their way to her premises. There were also George Moore, T. S. Eliot, Harriet Weaver and many of the younger generation of writers and readers, besides those who lived in Paris, such as Stuart Gilbert, Eugene and Maria Jolas. Now and then one senses the tensions which underlie all relationships but as Sylvia Beach notes when Hemingway made up a quarrel with Gertrude Stein, 'Wars between writers blaze up frequently, but I have observed that they settle down eventually into smudges'.

Yet this book is not all about the famous and the unusual; there were holidays and weekends in the country, the children and dogs with whom she had a natural sympathy; and many amusing incidents find a place there. What remains unstressed are the anxieties, the discouragements, the inevitable headaches of life, and that period, perhaps of near-despair, in an internment camp. Nor has this account, long on the stocks, been easy writing.

Sylvia Beach's friendship with another remarkable woman, Adrienne Monnier, together with a love of reading and an ability to pass on enthusiasms, have combined to give growing space to that aptitude, so important to the health of letters, for recognition of good work and warmly phrased encouragement.

PATRICIA HUTCHINS

Elections in Developing Countries

By T. E. Smith. Macmillan. 30s.

Mr. Smith's careful and comprehensive survey fills a remarkable gap in knowledge about democracy. For about fifteen crucial years colonial powers have been setting up democratic institutions in preparation for the independence of their colonies. Nearly all of them, and especially Britain, have proceeded on a purely empirical, hand-to-mouth basis. The metropolitan law has been the model, with a bewildering variety of local variations. No thoroughgoing use was made of the accumulated comparative experience of the many different ways of running elections. No general questions seem to have been asked about the wider implications of adopting one set of administrative rules rather than another. It was all a matter of 'common sense' and expediency. Yet, as Mr. Smith conclusively shows, administrative rules for elections can have big consequences.

A good example is the question whether registration of voters should be done automatically by the government or voluntarily by the individual citizens who are entitled to vote. The latter system produces a highly imperfect register—in some cases as few as half the people who are eligible get registered as voters. On the

other hand, this system offers an advantage to the political party which can persuade most of its supporters to register, and so encourages the organization of parties. It is now generally realized that few things are more important to a newly independent state than a strong party system, yet the decision between automatic and voluntary registration never seems to have been taken with this implication in mind. Even Mr. Smith, an experienced electoral administrator, seems to disregard it, although it played so large a part in the growth of British parties in the past.

But this is one of few omissions in this book. Mr. Smith ably proves his main conclusion, which is this: the paramount administrative problem in elections in new states is to establish public confidence in the impartiality of the machinery. In practice the hardest part of this task is not the conduct of polling but the preparation of a reliable register. If people who believe they are entitled to vote are prevented from recording their vote on polling day because they are not in fact on the list, confidence is destroyed from the start. In his discussion of the best way of handling this and many other problems Mr. Smith has done an unromantic service to democracy in new states which is of the greatest possible value.

COLIN LEYS

The English Prisons. By D. L. Howard. Methuen. 21s.

On July 20 exactly fifty years ago Sir Winston Churchill, who was then Home Secretary, made the famous pronouncement that: 'The mood and temper of the public in regard to the treatment of crime and criminals is one of the most unfailing tests of any country'. On this test our grandfathers show up rather badly. When the celebrated reformers, such as Elizabeth Fry, John Howard, and Thomas Fowell Buxton came on the scene and called the attention of the public to the plight of prisoners, they revealed a condition of squalor, petty tyranny and, above all, muddle. The prison system as they found it was administered by a variety of authorities, the gaolers were rapacious, and the prisoners enjoyed the dubious pleasures of unsupervised 'association'. All too often, alas, the high-minded have a passion for tidiness and order, and the pursuit of order gives the less high-minded their chance. The prisons had to be cleaned up and wicked pleasures eliminated to provide, in the words of that otherwise amiable man, Sydney Smith, 'a planned and regulated and unrelenting exclusion of happiness and comfort'. Mr. Howard in his admirable book tells the story of the failure of the convenient alternative of transportation to Australia and Van Dieman's Land, the building of Millbank and Pentonville, and the legislation which led up to the nationalization of all prisons in 1877 and the establishment of the Prison Commissioners. The orderly minded had won and darkness fell, with solitary confinement, the treadmill, silence, and uniformity. It is with the results of this system that our more enlightened age has to cope.

The change of heart was registered by the Gladstone Committee in 1895: reform was to take the place of retribution. The problem that faces us now is our own ignorance. It is no use saying that the strongholds built by the Victorians are impeding reform, as though we had

the right answer up our sleeves if only they were razed to the ground. We really haven't a clue. Cruelty will not do, and anyway we are too decent to tolerate it, but what are we to put in its place? Mr. Howard joins with Hugh Klare in an appeal for smaller units and a reorganization of the prison service. In his view it is the personal relations between the prison staff and the prisoners that count most, and he may well be right. Anyway we need more experimentation and more research into the results of different forms of 'treatment'. We also need a more enlightened public opinion and a better informed judiciary; this is where Mr. Howard's book comes in.

W. J. H. SPROTT

The First Russian Radical: Alexander Radishchev, 1749-1802. By David Marshall Lang. Allen and Unwin. 35s.

From Plato to Pasternak, from Ovid to Henry Miller, the free expression of ideas and a jealously guarded public good have been in conflict, censorship has been a topic of concern. In modern times, Russia has occupied a special position; except for a few weeks during the revolution of 1905 and a few months between the revolutions of 1917, Russia has scarcely known anything like the freedom of publication—limited and uncertain though it has often been—enjoyed by many other countries.

The most famous banned book of pre-revolutionary Russia was undoubtedly Radishchev's *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, the publication of which in 1790 (owing to an oversight of the Chief of Police) drew outraged splutters from that then elderly enlightened despot, Catherine the Great. Alarmed by the French revolution, Catherine declared that Radishchev 'seeks out and seizes on every pretext to break down respect for authority and the powers that be and to arouse the people to indignation against their superiors and the Government . . .'. Like Khrushchev after the Hungarian revolution, she reached for the big stick, Radishchev recanted, was nevertheless condemned and exiled to Siberia, after Catherine's death was rehabilitated but still spied on by the Emperor Paul, and finally committed suicide, dismayed by the lack of progress of the projects for reform in which he participated at the beginning of the reign of Alexander I. But although his one great book was never republished in full and accessible form in Russia until after 1905, it continued to live underground; and as one of the first martyrs in the cause of free thought and expression, Radishchev remained an essential symbol for the Russian intelligentsia throughout the nineteenth century, with his cry echoing from the preface of the *Journey*: 'I looked around me—and my soul was afflicted with the sufferings of mankind'.

Though Pushkin was prudently critical of Radishchev's more extreme ideas, he was proud of being his successor in singing the praise of freedom; but he disliked what he called Radishchev's 'barbaric style'. Indeed, the cumbersome style of the *Journey*, together with the sometimes tedious solemnity of its author, steeped in eighteenth-century philosophies, have often made both book and man seem dim and remote. And the exaggerated and misleading approach of Soviet publicists has not helped. Now Dr. Lang's excellently balanced book opens

our eyes to Radishchev and his work. From his service as a legal expert in the official machine, Radishchev knew the inner workings of Catherine's enlightened despotism, the degradations of serfdom and corruptions of nobility; the awkwardly stiff surface of the *Journey*, which had probably misled the Chief of Police who passed it, conceals horrors (the sub-headings of one of Dr. Lang's chapters expounding the *Journey* include: 'Rustic Rape and Murder', 'The Perils of Prostitution', 'Bath-house Beauties', and 'A Monastery Amorist'). With all his occasional quaintnesses, Radishchev emerges as a tragic, moving, and almost majestic figure, passionately devoted to justice, truth, and freedom, not merely as philosophical or legal notions, but in their living Russian context.

MICHAEL FUTRELL

Apologies to the Iroquois

By Edmund Wilson. W. H. Allen. 36s.

The case of Edmund Wilson is interesting. More than any other writer in the United States, he is, I think, the conscience of that country. Not as a European mandarin *engagé*—a Sartre, Priestley, or Mann—would perform that function, by periodic outbursts of grave incendiary in the active political arena (though Wilson has done this), but in characteristic New England fashion of methodically building up a corpus consisting almost exclusively of reportage and pragmatic literary interpretation that would represent the durable social verities against the rush of mindless modernism. Throughout (and perhaps despite) the political phases he has passed through, ranging from near-Bolshevism to a cranky isolationism, he has continued to serve the point of view of the authentic moral conservationist. Although a

man of immense, commonsensical erudition, he is in some ways a true small-town conservative. In his later years he has become frankly and rather proudly old-fashioned, and it is a tribute to his powers of calm integration that he has been able to accomplish this posture with a stubborn 'orneriness' that is far oftener admirable than it is irritating.

His most recent works represent a kind of considered, oblique, deeply conservative defence against what he regards as certain destructive human impulses. It is much like him to wait until the closing pages of his latest book to declare himself:

I should have said, when I first started out on my travels in Iroquoia, that I myself was almost as much a member of a half-obsolete minority as these even more old-fashioned Americans of twenty thousand years ago, but I have come to believe that there are many white Americans who now have something important in common with these recalcitrant Indians, that the condition of being an American, whether from A.D. or B.C., should imply a certain minimum security in the undisturbed enjoyment of our country.

I think it safe to take the passivity of this latter phrase more in the way of a metaphor, for elsewhere in the book Wilson, speaking with a deeper moral resonance, demands:

For whatever the difference in scale, is there any real difference in principle between uprooting whole communities of well-to-do Russian farmers and shipping them off to the Urals, and depriving the Senecas of the use of their lands in such a way as to shatter their republican unit, and dismissing this intelligent and capable people to go and find homes where they can?

Apologies to the Iroquois is an informal but careful description of the present situation of

the Indians of the Iroquois reservations, both in the U.S. and Canada but particularly in the region best known and loved by Wilson, upstate New York. The politics, personalities and ritual of the revival of national self-consciousness among these more advanced Indians (the six-tribe nation of the Iroquois had an exceptionally sophisticated political system long before the white man's arrival) are gone into with sanity and warmth.

Why the nationalistic revival now? Wilson tells us that the Indians

have sensed that the white man has been losing his hold, and, like the rest of the non-white races, they are sick of his complacency and arrogance. They find this a favourable moment for declaring their national identity because, in view of our righteous professions in relation to the Germans and Russians, they know that, for the first time in history, they are in a position to blackmail us into keeping our agreements and honouring their claims.

Sections of the book appeared in *The New Yorker* magazine, which may account for the flatness of style. In fact, one receives the impression that Wilson's sympathetic identification with the Indians' defence of their embattled land and tribal rights was so successful that he felt it necessary to damp down not only his style but also his perspective. The result is not always fortunate for the reader.

Included in the book is 'The Mohawks in High Steel', a reportorial essay by Joseph Mitchell on the strange migratory habits of a tiny Indian colony residing today in Brooklyn, New York, whose male members have for many years habitually worked as riveting teams on dangerous construction jobs; this is utterly absorbing.

CLANCY SIGAL

Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Heat II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SECOND HEAT of the inter-county competition was broadcast in Network Three on the evening of Tuesday, July 12. The competitors were Mr. L. T. Vowles and Mr. W. N. Morgan-Brown, of Gloucestershire, and the brothers Mr. Jack and Mr. Sidney Vincent of Lincolnshire.

The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand, held by South at love all:

SOUTH		WEST		NORTH		EAST	
(1)	—	—	—	—	1S	—	—
(2)	—	—	—	—	1S	—	—
(3)	No	1NT.	—	—	2S	—	—
(4)	?	—	—	—	—	—	—
(5)	1D	1S	2H	No	—	—	—
(6)	?	—	—	—	—	—	—
(7)	1D	1H	2S	3H	—	—	—
(8)	?	—	—	—	—	—	—
(9)	—	No	1C	3S	—	—	—
(10)	?	—	—	—	—	—	—

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) No Bid. Not a good hand on which to

overcall. There was a consolation mark for double or One No Trump, both considered preferable to Two Diamonds.

(2) No Bid. It would be very dangerous to come in at this level. One competitor was tempted to bid Two No Trumps—the 'unusual no-trump' asking partner to bid his better minor suit.

(3) Two No Trumps. Having been forced to bid at this level—for it would be an abandonment of system to pass—South should prefer Two No Trumps to Three Clubs or Three Hearts.

(4) No Bid. There is a forcing situation, and since he has nothing very useful to say South should pass, awaiting his partner's next move. The only other possibility is a raise to Three Spades, but this is inaccurate on a doubleton in trumps.

(5) Three No Trumps. South has too many cards of his partner's suit to consider doubling Three Spades, though this can probably be defeated. The best alternative is Four Clubs.

Lincolnshire ended this part of the 'quiz' one point ahead. The players were then asked to bid the following hand, dealt by West at love all:

WEST	EAST
♦ Q 8 5 4 2	♦ —
♥ A K 5	♥ Q J 10 2
♦ K Q 8 7	♦ A 6 5 3 2
♣ J	♣ A 10 3 2

Top marks were awarded for Six Diamonds. There was consolation for Five Diamonds, and a lower mark for other game contracts or a hazardous grand slam.

The Gloucestershire pair began excellently:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Vowles	Mr. Morgan-Brown
1S	2D
4D	5C
5H	6D
No	No

The Lincolnshire pair stopped in Five Diamonds after this bidding: One Spade—Two Diamonds; Three Diamonds—Five Diamonds. Gloucestershire gained 4 points on the bidding of this hand and so entered the next round.

A British pair who held these hands in the World Olympiad also stopped in Five Diamonds, the bidding going: One Spade—Two Diamonds; Four Diamonds—Five Diamonds. This final call was too conservative.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Packing Up for the Holidays

'MONITOR' IS SO CONSISTENTLY good that, uncharitably, one begrudges its production team their annual holiday. Small compensation to know that some of the best items of past editions will be repeated during the next eight weeks. We have not missed any of them, remember them in detail, and want more of the same mixture. The last edition of the present series (July 3) exemplified the special qualities of the 'Monitor' treatment, and made the Monitor-less weeks ahead harder to face.

The dead-pan treatment of the miners' picnic was beautifully done, and it could easily have been otherwise. The film was made, as it were, from the inside looking out, and not the other, usual, way round, so that we smiled with those who performed their band-playing, marching antics and not at them. This was a little gem of camera reporting.

The exposition of the particular genius of Picasso, the other half of the programme, was equally good in its different way. Words and pictures combined perfectly to probe, to question, to expound, leaving us to draw our own conclusions about the nature of that genius, or to wonder, if we so wished, whether there was genius in the man at all.

As if the prospect of life without 'Monitor' were not bad enough, Robert Robinson ('Picture Parade', July 5) also announced his impending departure from our screens for a summer recess. I began to feel like a schoolboy who, because his parents are abroad, has to stay at school while all

the rest go on holiday. Robinson's debunking style amuses me and I admire his ability, by no means common with the spoken word, to bring his long, involved sentences to grammatically successful conclusions. But I feel that his slightly-mocking, denigratory attitude to his subject is in danger of being over-done. A cream bun needs a little plain dough to contain the cream.

To sustain the holiday mood there were two travel films of quite absorbing interest, Tim Slessor's 'The Leg Rowers of Burma' (July 6), and the first of the new Denis series 'Safari to Asia' (July 8). I could have watched for hours the daily round of the water-borne community depicted in Slessor's film. The photography (by A. C. Barrington Brown) was outstandingly clear, the commentary non-intrusive,



'The Miners' Picnic' in 'Monitor' on July 3: bandmen practising in a field

as it should be; and my only criticism is that Slessor did not tell us, or suggest a theory of, what had driven those gentle folk to the lake, and how long they and their forebears had lived on its placid surface with their floating fields and farm-yards.

Hong Kong is a less novel setting than Lake Inle, but Armand and Michaela Denis, poking about in its crowded alleys, had some curious finds, such as the snake and ivory shops, both of which were well worth a screen visit. I am a little surprised that these two expert travellers and film-makers have yet to learn when not to talk. Some of the remarks exchanged by husband and wife come perilously near to the fatuous and mar our complete enjoyment of their fine film.

Those who understand better than most what the viewer needs to supplement his vision are the sports commentators, as last week's outside broadcasts amply proved. E. W. Swanton at Trent Bridge for the third Test, Henry Longhurst at St. Andrews for the centenary open golf championship, and Harry



'The Leg Rowers of Burma' in 'Travellers' Tales' on July 6: towing the royal barge at the Paungdawoo Festival on Lake Inle



Hand-carving in wood shown in the film *Gateway to China* on July 8, first in a series of seven programmes called 'Safari to Asia'

John Cure

Carpenter somewhere in Surbiton for professional boxing demonstrated the technique they have evolved which seems to me to be a model of its kind. Though they talk most of the time, what they give you is background anecdote,

of which you can take in as much or little as you please. Yet all three have an infallible instinct for knowing when something happening on the screen needs explanation. They give it, and then return to the chit-chat. It seems easy, even casual, but only years of practice and a deep acquaintance with their sport and the medium can produce such fluency.

The camera work at St. Andrews has earned its own paragraph here. We appeared to be able to gaze down on the entire courses, old and new, from one high vantage point, and to glide down to a close-up of a group of players half a mile or so away without a break in the vision; and another cameraman was unerringly clever at following a driven ball in flight.

A special mention, too, to that part of Mr. H. G. Hurrell's film ('Look', July 7) which dealt with otters in captivity. Paradoxically, they were more revealing of the ways of an otter than anything that could have been filmed in the wild state, where it would be impossible to get under-water shots of such clarity. This film definitely extended our knowledge of this still little-known aquatic mammal.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

'Henry IV, Part Two'

IN THEORY AT LEAST, I suppose, a director should so unify a drama that its climax is sustained by its opening. Yet whatever a director may do to prepare us, the final scene in *Henry IV, Part Two* of the King's rejection of Falstaff comes, I feel, as a shock, a sentimental one perhaps, but a shock. It is not so much the loss of worldly expectations that stirs our sympathy. Rather we are moved because we suspect that the old rogue has been struck in the only place where he is vulnerable. He has made the one mistake a comic philosopher should never make—allowing himself to feel a genuine affection for Henry. But at least viewers of *Uneasy Lies the Head* (July 7) who felt the rejection almost as a personal affront were aware of its inevitability.

Mr. Peter Dews's continuously fine production underlined that, if the play's great figure is Falstaff, Shakespeare's hero is the young Prince whom he needs as Henry V to complete for us his study of kingship. I was impressed at the

way this condensation laid emphasis on Prince Hal's imminent redemption and Falstaff's increasingly unsavoury pranks. The obvious danger of thus diminishing the fat knight is that the play will not gain adequate compensation from Henry's instinctive approaches to kingly dignity. That this does not happen reflects credit on Mr. Robert Hardy, who carries off with just the right kind of rising ambition and self-reproach the scene with the dying King. And on the rejection of Falstaff Mr. Hardy does what he can to meet our resentment by uttering the dismissive words with something of that saddened reflectiveness with which he himself had heard out the rebuke from his dying father.

In the latter scene the swift movements of the camera from the rigidly upright, fully fleshed, clear-eyed young face of Prince Hal to the reclining, hollow-cheeked, fever-bright visage of the King (movingly delineated at the end by Mr. Tom Fleming) had emphasized in a way no stage production can the oneness of youth with power, of old age with helplessness.

As if to show that you can't use the same dodge twice, Falstaff's come-uppance stood in danger of being ruined whenever the camera, cut down to the knight for the subtlety of Mr. Hardy's approach, was ill-balanced by Mr. Frank Pettingell's.

The fault was not entirely Mr. Pettingell's. He had been somewhat miscast; and I felt that he lacked not so much gusto as mischief; the quirks of his fellow-men should constantly rouse his scorn and wit. Here was always a lack of spontaneity which betrayed itself under pressure in a touch of stridency as though he were speaking over the camera to a greater audience behind the viewer's back.

Two faults: I found macabre the unnecessary death's head realism of the dying King in close-up; and, a surfeit of intolerable 'business', a defect I am surprised to have to lay at Mr. Dews's feet. Why, in heaven's name, when schedules presumably have forced many distasteful cuts, allot time to physical explosions and by-play with masks? What, contagiously, may force a laugh in the theatre doesn't rouse a flicker in the home.

Unity of a kind was attempted in *June Evening* (July 10). Using the serviceable device of 'the street' Mr. Bill Naughton hung along its length the bright beads of his affectionate observation of Lancashire life in the early nineteen-twenties. But the disadvantages of this approach always seem to me to outweigh the gains, the audience tending to feel that they are watching some limbo where life's pressures,

strangers, and horrid reality cannot inflict their disrupting presences.

There was much to warm the cockles of your heart, it being that sort of play when adapted for the screen. The harsher impression which his Third Programme broadcast had given me was here muted: the references to strikes and the pit-face had a counterfeit ring about them as though Mr. Naughton felt them to be obligatory, but for himself preferred the sweet and sentimental. The line the author quoted sums up fairly enough for me his angle on his characters: 'This world is not all sadness'. So, lovingly, he was content to piece together the small change of life: the flutter on the horses with Donoghue to win, a little excitement when a local shopkeeper turns crooked, the birth of a child, the fear of a death, families squabbling and being reconciled. The author's touch in his sentimental journey was easy and forgettable.

Devotees of the cult will have been overjoyed at the return of Mr. Charlie Drake on July 7. Honesty demands that I admit I am not among the elect, uncontrollable antipathy misting up my screen whenever I look in. Equally, honesty compels me to admit that I found the first half of his parody of the B.B.C.'s own Top Town programmes well stuffed with laughs. Though not all were scored by Mr. Drake himself, my card was marked pretty freely for him against reasonable opposition. He still, though, relies too heavily on uninventive repetition, a heinous crime on television of all mediums.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Disappointing Week

FOR SOME MONTHS NOW I have been writing myself little notes about paying more attention to regular variety programmes and comic series. I do indeed sample them fairly often; but again and again I hear the voice of a comedian explaining in pain that his script isn't funny. As one can't contradict him it seems best to draw no more attention to the situation. Beat not the bones of the buried. The trouble can be the wearing out of a formula or the bitter struggle to establish one; in such cases the remedy has been kept from me but I would be prepared to pass on constructive and non-libellous suggestions.

It is pleasant to be able to report that *Something To Shout About* (Light, July 5) has begun by being fresh and witty and widely disrespectful. The plot has faded from memory but I recall ribaldry

about the frothy copy boys, stomach acid, the Board of Trade, ethics, and toothpaste for dogs—all fit themes for comedy and long neglected. The writers and performers will do well to emphasize frequently that they are mere fantasists and no enemies of trade, however. That joke about dog's toothpaste, for example, reminded me of a client many years ago who did not jest and wanted persuasive prose to sell a product allegedly good for 'dog's bad breath'. The newspapers censored this phrase on grounds of coarseness and the client quite rightly thought that 'canine halitosis' lacked punch and wasn't worth spending a fortune to promote. Naturally nobody laughed at the time. Michael Medwin, Eleanor Summerfield, and company should be worth listening to on Tuesdays at 8.0 p.m. until the contact men contact them.

This has been a dreadful week for plays. By far the best was Alfred Sutro's *The Two Virtues* (Home, July 9), whose heroine was another of those jolly ladies beyond the Edwardian pale 'the unmentionable ones—who wear no wedding-rings, have no husbands and children—who are harpies, gorgons and vampires'. Mary Wimbush played her charming unmentionable with style and just enough warmth. The uncharitable but socially impregnable Lady Milligan (Janet Burnell) was good at verbal sword-play, and Hilda Schröder kept Mrs. Jervoise, the *femme fatale* unwilling to let go, at the right level of silliness. Unfortunately Jack Hulbert was quite out of place as the rich eccentric scholar who finds it convenient to be thought a fool and is fought over by the women. He sounded like a hearty Wodehouse ass instead of an irresponsible wit who could have strayed from a play by Wilde. The text has a heartlessness and a polish rare in the English theatre. Perhaps more Sutro could be revived?

Helena Wood's comedy of royal marriage, meanness, blackmail, and romance, *Paradise Itself* (Home, July 4) had its lutes, trumpets and hunting horns, but seemed in need of costume. So long as it stayed simply larkish about the private taste for jewels and gentlemen of ladies of the blood royal all went well. But there were also passages we seemed to be expected to take seriously, which was absurd.

The early scenes of *Rudin* (Third, July 5) were well filled with talk about love and philo-



Scene from *Henry IV, Part Two* on July 7, with (centre, in bed) Tom Fleming as King Henry IV, and (left to right) Kenneth Farrington as the Earl of Warwick, John Ringham as Humphrey of Gloucester, John Greenwood as Thomas of Clarence, and Adrian Brine as the Earl of Surrey



John Sharp as Harry Sedwin and Leslie Cotton as his son Jimmy in *June Evening* on July 10

sophy, character and talk. Pigasov's denunciation of abstract ideas: 'General propositions! I abominate them. They're all based on so-called convictions' make a fine opening for political debate, and the would-be intellectuals analyse their own emotions and one another's souls with gusto and shrewdness. The frittering away of Rudin's life, foreseeable from the beginning, followed its course to end in a futile gesture. It was all believable enough, but the wasting of a talent is not dramatically interesting when the hero understands and expounds his own weakness and incapacity for effective action.

The intensities of *One for the Road* (Home, July 7) may have some value as propaganda against drunken driving but the plot lumbered along so slowly that half way through I was cross with the police for failing to make an obvious arrest and was disappointed at the end when none of the people who had been harrowing me went to gaol.

However, a Canadian playlet *Hawryluk's Hammer* (Light, July 8) was even slower in half the time. Its moral about the paralysing effects of fear could conceivably be uplifting, and it is doubtless desirable for young architects to have experience of working with the builders on the scaffolding of the buildings they plan. The acting was fair enough in a barn-storming way, but the loving wife and mother who expressed her anxieties, hopes, and triumphs through little tunes on her mouth-organ gave much pain. The mouth-organ notion was a *radio* idea, you see?

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



A Literary Week

THIS HAS BEEN quite a week for literature; and since we are not given enough literary features for my taste, I was all the more eager to hear 'The Great Adventurer' (Home Service, July 3). This was a commemorative programme for the Stoke-on-Trent Golden Jubilee: an attempt to paint a portrait of Arnold Bennett. 'He looked', wrote G. K. Chesterton, nastily, 'as if he had come up to London for a Cup Tie and never gone back'. But he patronized the Savoy Hotel, where *omelette Arnold Bennett* is still on the menu; he was 'a connoisseur of living' (to quote Jan Struther's piece of verse), and he squawked like a tropical bird over his brandy. He had a violent temper, a sense of humour (he would go to A.P.H.'s children's parties), and, since he also had a passion for work and a strong financial sense, he would regularly spend his New Year's Eve counting the number of words he had written last year, and how much he had been paid for them. Yes, 'The Great Adventurer' gave us a sound impression of Bennett; but it was a queer piece of radio architecture. It was really four talks strung together, not a feature.

I wonder what Bennett would have thought of 'The Organized Author' (Third Programme, July 4). This was a talk on the new American editor-impresarios by Geoffrey Wagner, of Columbia University. It made good reading in THE LISTENER last week, but it was one of those talks so riddled with proper names and quotations that the listening ear can hardly detect the meaning; and the script was not alleviated by Mr. Wagner's delivery. There is (as Professor Empson taught us, and Mr. Wagner confirms) an impassable gulf between the learned 'article' and the interesting talk. One wishes the Third Programme would recognize it.

One of my favourite hunting-grounds is the series 'I Remember'; and though her recollections might well have been reduced to half an

hour (forty-five minutes is long for any monologue), and though her questioner was perhaps a trifle over-eager, I thought that Mrs. John Drinkwater (Home, July 6) was well up to the mark. Daisy Kennedy, as she was, made her entrance into the world in a little Australian inn, while a violin was being played in the bar below. She was born to music: had absolute pitch, and played to Kubelik with such effect that she found herself transported to Vienna and thence to London, where she arrived with £5, a fiddle, and a letter of recommendation. Undaunted by a sea of green chiffon (she tore her dress on the rostrum) she played at the Albert Hall, married Moiseiwitsch ('I practised in one wing of the house, and Benno in the other'), and then she turned from music to literature and married John Drinkwater. She had tea with Rachmaninov in New York (the tea never appeared, but he played to her for five hours); and, down at Max Gate, she herself played the violin while Hardy danced 'like a little russet apple'. An enthusiastic, fluent talk: I must say I did enjoy it.

I heard another absorbing programme in the witching hour after the six o'clock news (Home, July 6): a talk that was disturbingly convincing. If I had been asked to name the least romantic place, I might well have plumped for that horror of horrors, Southend. But romance still brings up the 9.15; and very near Southend is the land where Eric Maple hunts for witches. Any cynicism I might have felt about the supernatural was put in question as I heard about the ginger-beer witches, and the belles-dames who renewed their sinister powers among the toads on the marshes. A fascinating talk, I thought, and delivered with infectious plausibility.

As for 'The Murders in Bokhara' (Home, July 4), it was a curious, morbid piece of Victoriana. It was an account of two martyrs in the cause of Empire: two innocent Englishmen who died violent deaths through the whims of a Middle Eastern potentate and were inexplicably disowned by the British Government. An odd but original programme, which had its touching moments.

I am (as may be apparent from this column) a devotee of the old steam radio, but one programme on television I will not miss. And that, I need hardly say, is 'Monitor'. If only the Features Department would find their own Huw Wheldon and give us a 'Monitor' on sound, of equal excellence!

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

New Works from Cheltenham

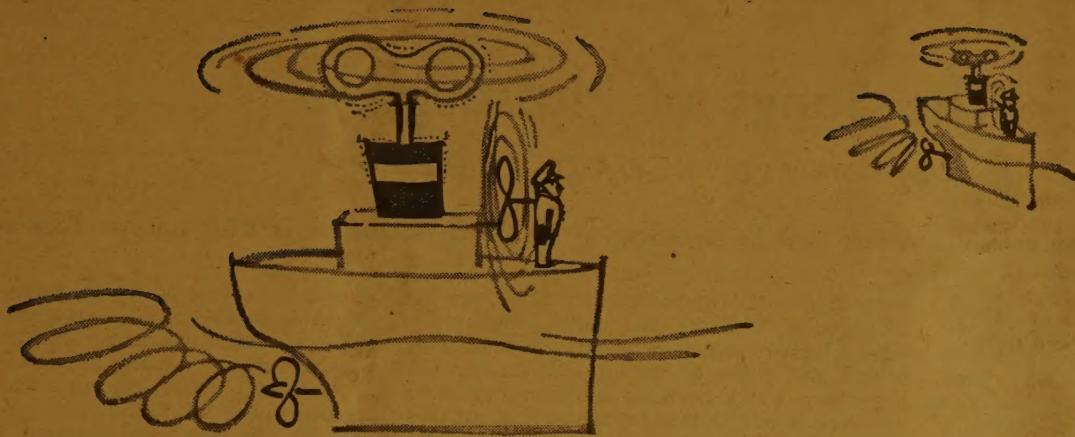
 CHELTENHAM IS NOW well established as a happy hunting-ground for British composers anxious to secure a public hearing for their works, and thus fulfils a most important function. This year's Festival, which opened on July 3, has already in its first week introduced us to four new British works. One of the first to be broadcast (Third, July 4) was Alexander Goehr's *Four Songs from the Japanese* for contralto and orchestra. Goehr in recent years has been steadily making a place for himself among the younger generation, and is obviously a gifted and technically well-equipped composer. He writes in the now rather hackneyed Schönberg-Webern idiom and can do his serial stuff as well as anyone; unfortunately, as in so much of the music of this type now being produced all over Europe, what seems to be lacking is a distinctive personality. I am always very diffident about pronouncing an opinion on a new work after a single hearing, and that only on the radio and without access to a score; so

in these notes I cannot do more than record my first impressions. *Four Songs from the Japanese* we were told is actually a setting of five poems (two of them forming one song) from Lafcadio Hearn's *Gleanings in Buddha's Fields* but as the words were inaudible—to me at least—throughout, it was difficult to judge how far the spirit of the poems was reflected in the orchestral accompaniment. From their extreme brevity it seemed probable that their content was of an epigrammatic nature; but this was hardly the impression conveyed by the music which seemed to be rather over-weighted, suggesting that a steam-roller was being used to crack a fairly thin-shelled nut. Rosemary Phillips sustained the highly inflected vocal line with clarity and pure tone which made it all the more regrettable that her words—on the broadcast at least—were so indistinct.

Another new work in the same programme, also receiving its first performance, was Richard Rodney Bennett's *Five Pieces for Orchestra*. It is a sign of the times—and also, perhaps, of the current cult of Webern—that young composers are no longer afraid to write short pieces. Brevity and concision in music, as in everything else, are admirable qualities, even if they are not the only ones; and Mr. Bennett's five short pieces reveal a definite musical personality and a desire to escape from a stereotyped 'contemporary' idiom. I thought they contained excellent musical material (I liked especially Nos. 3 and 5) and would welcome an opportunity to hear a more extended work from Mr. Bennett's pen. The orchestra on this occasion was the London Symphony conducted by Colin Davis who, besides interpreting with his usual insight and understanding the two new works and Britten's comparatively rarely heard *Sinfonia da Requiem*, also gave a masterly performance of Stravinsky's *Symphony in C*.

It fell to the Hallé Orchestra, conducted by George Weldon (this year four orchestras are taking part in the Festival) to give the first performance in this country of Francis Burt's orchestral suite, *Espressione orchestrale* (Home, July 6). This work, which had its first performance last year in Vienna, where the composer is now living, is in four movements linked together, the first and last being planned to produce a 'mirror' effect of tempo, the one going from slow to fast and the other from fast to slow. The music has a vaguely *mittel-europa* flavour, but (and this is something of a rarity today) is definitely not serial, thereby making it easier for the composer's personality to express itself. The *Espressione orchestrale* is a proof—if proof were needed—that if a composer has anything to say he can still say it without necessarily having to adopt the particular idiom in vogue at the moment, so much in vogue that I understand there are publishers who will not even look at new music that does not bear the serial trademark. These pieces by Francis Burt make their impression without employing any *outré* effects, instrumental or other, and have their lyrical moments which make an effective contrast to the *Sturm und Drang* especially noticeable in the last section.

Chamber music also has its place at Cheltenham so that we were able to hear last week (Third, July 7) a broadcast of Matyas Seiber's new *Sonata* for violin and piano, brilliantly played by Tibor Varga and Hilde Findeisen. Seiber is one of the comparatively few composers writing today (Dallapiccola is, of course, another) who can use the twelve-note technique in such a personal way and with so much freedom and imagination that it never becomes obtrusive or sets up a barrier that is liable (as I suggested above) in the hands of minor musicians to obscure the composer's personality. The *Sonata* is not only a most technically accomplished but a highly imaginative piece of music.

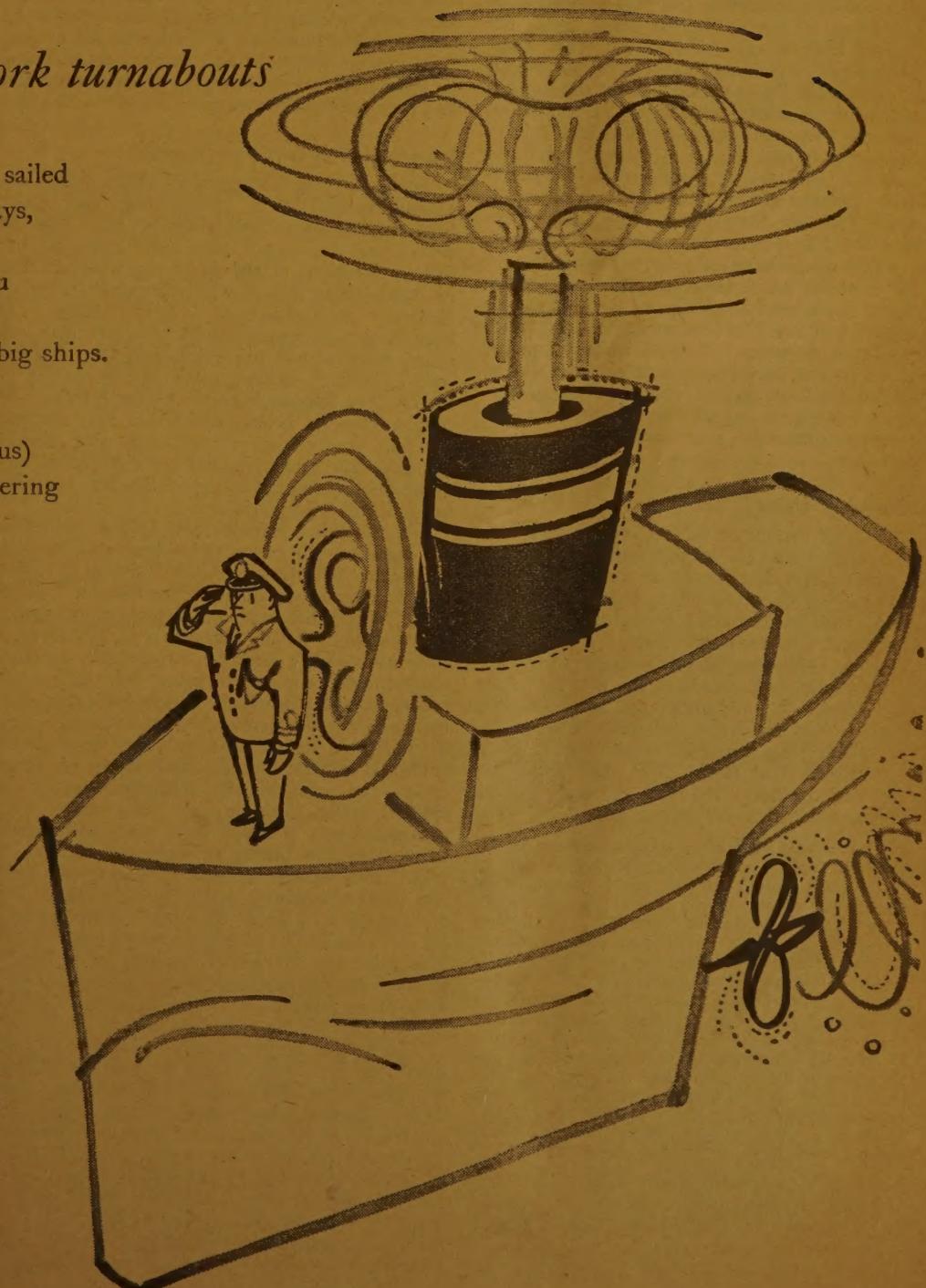


The key to these clockwork turnabouts

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I liked especially the fascinating, spidery texture, with its suggestion of quarter-tones in the *pointilliste* second movement, and the enigmatic ending; but there were many other things to admire in a work which obviously cannot

yield up all its secrets at a first hearing. Already the Cheltenham Festival of 1960 has more than justified its existence as a channel for the diffusion of significant new music by native composers, which is presented there, as contempor-

ary music always should be, alongside and on a footing of equality with works which already have their place in the classical or modern repertory.

ROLLO H. MYERS

The Songs of Mussorgsky

By DAVID LLOYD-JONES



The 'Songs and Dances of Death' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 8.20 p.m. on Tuesday, July 19

IT IS NOT WITHOUT significance that Mussorgsky is the only one of the world's great song-writers who has achieved comparable success in opera. Indeed one is hard put to it to determine whether he is primarily an operatic composer or a song-writer. *Boris Godunov* is not only his unquestioned masterpiece but also a superlative achievement as opera; on the other hand, the sustained high quality of the sixty-five songs relating to every period of his creative life, which reach genius in the three cycles and the famous group of his middle period, might reasonably justify the view that these are his chief title to fame. Difficult however as it may be for us to decide this question, it would seem that Mussorgsky considered his songs to be, as he put it himself, 'trifling little pieces' and 'mere preparations' for larger, more ambitious designs; for if his operatic success is partly due to the many qualities which he acquired from his song writing, such as his ability to write melodic recitative which reflects the mood and substance of his text, to project himself wholly into his subjects and to construct whole episodes out of germinal motives derived from speech intonations, his songs can equally be said to be unique for their dramatic and realistic power of expression.

Underlying Unity

The great variety of subject matter and style of the songs has an underlying unity, in that they all reveal an endeavour to arrive at the most satisfactory synthesis of words and their musical setting, and to reconcile the rival claims of melody and free recitative derived from speech inflections. Although these matters concerned him continuously throughout his life, his views would appear to have undergone some change, and there is an observable difference between the songs which precede and those which come after the composition of *Boris*. The ideals which he formulated for himself during the early period are best expressed in his own words:

In the scale of Nature's creation man constitutes the highest organism, possessing the gift of speech and voice without equal among other earthly organisms. If one can assume reproduction, through an artistic medium, of human speech in all its most delicate and capricious shades, a natural reproduction, as natural as is required by the life and character of a man—would this not be a deification of the human gift of speech? And if it is possible to tug at the heart-strings by the simplest of methods, merely by obeying an artistic instinct to catch the intonations of the human voice—why not look into this matter? And if at the same time one could capture the thinking faculty as well, then would it not be a proper thing to devote oneself to such an occupation?

Mussorgsky's artistic *credo*, then, is a belief in the intimate relationship which exists between the spoken word, the idea and emotion expressed by it and the intonation of voice with which it is communicated, and therefore the possibility of

suggesting in an unprecedentedly direct way the profoundest thoughts and feelings which lie behind human speech. It was this psychological insight and desire to capture any situation or impression which he made his aim, and in so doing he hoped to counter the cult of art-for-art's-sake with a natural form of music which was part of everybody's experience and would serve as a 'means of communication with one's fellow-men'. This was the point in his artistic development which he had reached by the time he came to compose *Boris*, but a number of years had been spent in the process.

Preoccupation with the Humble

The earliest of Mussorgsky's songs, which are predominantly lyrical in character, had given little indication of the style he was soon to evolve, and he cannot have been aware of the full implications of the words he wrote to Cui in 1863 about his newly composed *Harper's Song*: 'The subject of Goethe's poem is a beggar, and a beggar might certainly sing my music without any misgivings—at least I think so'. This song, in fact, marks the beginning of his life-long preoccupation with the humble and pitiable class of people which not only aroused his full sympathies, compassion, and understanding but also provided those vivid picturesque qualities which found the readiest response in his fertile imagination.

The following years brought further naturalistic studies of a more individual and Russian character, until the miraculous *Darling Savishna* (which Mussorgsky himself considered a 'perfect work') began the sequence of humorous character sketches by which, together with *The Orphan* and *Eremushka's Lullaby*, Mussorgsky is often represented in the concert room. But the realistic tendency of the pre-*Boris* period finds its fullest expression in the first song of the *Nursery* cycle in which no concessions are made to melodic, rhythmic, or harmonic conventions so as to ensure the most life-like representation of the child's speech. The rest of these songs were completed over the next three years and remain in all essentials similar in style and subtlety of perception, though without ever achieving quite the uncompromising quality of the first. *The Nursery* is, in fact, the most complete and perfect vindication of Mussorgsky's belief in the expressive and emotional capacity of musically pitched speech rhythms, and if it in any way fails in its purpose, it is that its appeal is more limited than its composer had hoped.

The writing and production of *Boris* not only distracted Mussorgsky from song-writing during this period but also resulted in bitter disappointments. There can be no doubt that this provoked the feeling of isolation and depression which led to a modification of his elected idiom in order to express himself in a more subjective and introspective manner which, although it still seeks to avoid any suggestion of set melody, allows a far greater degree of lyricism and emotion. This transition can almost be seen to be taking place

during the course of the six songs which form the incomparable *Sunless* cycle of 1874, and it is here that the balance between free declamation and conventional melodic line is seen to produce Mussorgsky's most personal and significant achievement in this form.

But by the time that he came to write his last song cycle, the *Songs and Dances of Death* (1875-77), this delicate balance had already been disturbed. During the last years of his life he talked of his search for the type of melody evolved from speech which he could call 'well thought-out, justifiable melody', and this final ideal is exemplified at its best in these four songs. They show an unprecedented tendency to generalize a situation or emotion, and this gesture to convention is paralleled in the musical setting. Here Mussorgsky reverts to forms which belong to musical history—the dance, lullaby, serenade, and march, and furthermore each of the four songs is cast in the same form of an introduction which sets the scene followed by Death's monologue (in the lullaby this becomes a dialogue); this feature was in no way fortuitous since Mussorgsky is known to have altered Golenishchev-Kutuzov's poems in order to attain this uniformity. One could perhaps find in others of his songs a more vivid descriptive quality, more supple vocal declamation, greater evocation of atmosphere, bolder harmonies and nobler melody, but only in this cycle are all these elements fused to produce such an overwhelmingly powerful and dramatic effect. Like Wagner, Mussorgsky had sought to evolve an entirely new approach to the problem of setting words to music and, unlike his great predecessor, succeeded in putting his theories into practice with complete success. But the universal acclaim and popularity of the *Songs and Dances of Death* (which may not be unrelated to the fascination of their subject matter), show that it was only by making some slight concession to convention that his artistic ideas found their widest appeal.

Morning Glory

My father would begin each day
By standing at the back yard door
And giving one tremendous sneeze,
Mid ways between a gasp and roar:

Would put his fist before his eyes
And give a kind of stamping dance
As if his spirit wept and sang
To hear such goodly resonance.

And even now I can remember
His gaiters and the scads of mire
He kicked before him, as this greeting
Sprang from his nostrils like a fire.

And cocks in every neighbouring yard
Would lift their heads and strut and stir,
Sensing the challenge of some odd,
Irate and twanging chanticleer.

MICHELL RAPER
—Third Programme



Planning the Weekend Menus

By MARGARET RYAN

THESE ARE MENUS for the single-handed woman, with guests or family to feed from Friday evening to Sunday evening, who wishes to spend a minimum of time in the kitchen and has no time at all to cook beforehand. The times given allow for cooking for four to six people. Recipes are given for the starred dishes. This plan leaves Saturday virtually free.

MIDDAY
Friday (no midday meal for guests or family.)

Saturday: Plain omelette. Cream cheese. Watercress. Pretzels and rolls.

Sunday: Rolled sirloin of beef; peas, potatoes. Raspberries and cream.

TIME-TABLE

Friday evening: time in kitchen: about 2 hours. Order of work: Make syrup from 6 oz. of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of water, and in this gently poach whole fresh apricots. Prepare veal dish while they are cooking, and put in moderate oven. *Remove 8 apricots from syrup, drain well and sieve for tomorrow's ice cream. Dish remainder with syrup and add sliced orange. Sprinkle with needle shavings of orange peel and set to cool. Scrape potatoes (allowing enough for tomorrow's salad). Rub skin from new carrots with cloth dipped in salt. Put on water for potatoes and start carrots gently cooking in butter. Make enough French salad dressing for potato salad and Sunday's salad. Put potatoes to cook. Make terrine and put in oven. Dish veal and vegetables, putting aside enough potatoes for tomorrow and dressing while still warm with part of the French dressing. Serve the meal.

EVENING
*Summer stew of veal. Young carrots, potatoes. *Compote of fresh apricots and orange.

*Terrine maison. Green salad, potato salad. Ice cream with apricot purée and almonds. Cold beef. *Melon, cucumber, and tomato salad. Fruit and cheese.

After dinner take out terrine and leave under a weight.

Saturday morning: time in kitchen: 20 minutes. Order of work: Prepare watercress. Make omelettes.

Saturday evening: time in kitchen: 20 minutes. Order of work: Blanch and shred almonds. Turn out terrine. Make green salad and complete dressing of potato salad. Pour purée over ice cream and scatter with almonds.

Sunday morning: time in kitchen: a leisurely $\frac{1}{2}$ hours with interval according to size of joint. Order of work: Prepare raspberries. Put rolled sirloin in oven (enough for tonight as well). Shell peas. Scrape potatoes.

Interval according to size of joint. Put on water for vegetables. Dish meat and make gravy. Dish vegetables. Serve.

Sunday evening: Time in kitchen 20 minutes. Order of work: *Make melon, cucumber and tomato salad from peeled and cubed melon and cucumber and peeled and quartered tomatoes with pips removed. Drain well before dressing with French dressing.

*RECIPES

Summer stew of veal:

2 lb. shoulder veal (same cut used for terrine), 1 cucumber, 2 small lettuces, 6 or 8 spring onions, 1 pint water or stock, flour, salt, pepper, 1 oz. of butter.

Cut veal into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes. Dip in well-seasoned flour and brown lightly in butter with the peeled cucumber, cut into cubes, and the chopped spring onions. Add 1 pint of hot water or stock. Put in casserole and cover with lettuces washed whole and then cut in two lengthwise. Cover with lid and cook in moderate oven for 1 hour.

Terrine Maison:

$\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of minced liver (butcher will mince), $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of sausage meat, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of shoulder veal, 1 small onion, 1 clove of garlic, 1 bay leaf, 6 or 8 rashers of streaky bacon.

Cut veal in strips. Line casserole with layers of streaky bacon. Mix together liver, sausage

meat, finely chopped onion, and crushed clove of garlic. Season very well. Put a layer of this in the casserole and follow with alternate layers of veal and liver mixture until full. Top with bay leaf. Cover closely and cook $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours in a moderate oven in a baking dish of water. Remove lid and bay leaf, put a weighted plate on top. Turn out next day.

Ideas for Food contains winning entries from a 'Woman's Hour' competition in which competitors were asked to send suggestions (not recipes) for high-tea dishes using 'left-overs'; supper dishes which 'cook themselves', packed lunches, and puddings. This pamphlet can be obtained by sending a crossed postal order (not stamps, please) for 11d. to B.B.C. Publications (Food), 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Notes on Contributors

GEOFFREY GOODMAN (page 43): industrial correspondent of the *Daily Herald*

R. S. PETERS (page 46): Reader in Philosophy, London University; author of *The Concept of Motivation and Authority, Responsibility and Education*, etc.

G. W. SCOTT BLAIR (page 51): Head of the Department of Physics at the National Institute for Research in Dairying, Reading University; author of *Measurements of Mind and Matter*, etc.

JOHN GOLDRING (page 52): art critic; author of *Cubism: A History and Analysis*, 1907-1914

R. J. H. BEVERTON (page 55): Deputy Director of Fishery Research at the Fisheries Laboratory, Lowestoft

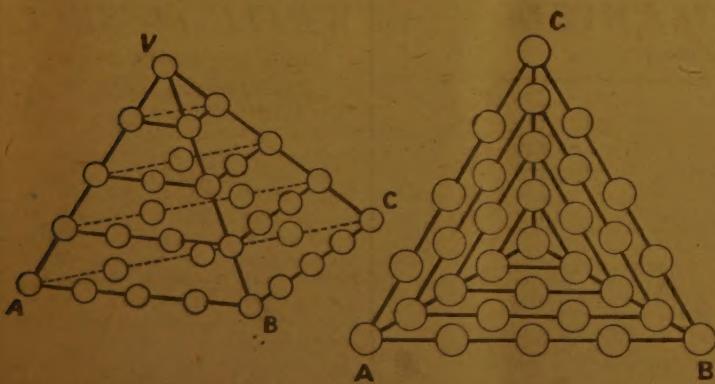
GEORGE STEINER (page 56): American literary critic; author of *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, an essay in the old criticism*

MICHAEL AYRTON (page 62): painter, sculptor, theatre designer, and illustrator; author of *British Drawings, Hogarth's Drawings, Macbeth, The Human Age*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,572.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 21. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Trihedral.

Triangular numbers are given by $n(n+1)/2$ and tetrahedral numbers by $n(n+1)(n+2)/6$ for integral values of n .

A digit is to be inserted in each circle of the diagram on the right.

The three 5-digit numbers along the edges VA, VB, VC of the tetrahedron reading from V are tetrahedral and in ascending order of magnitude.

The 1-, 3-, 6-, 9-, 12-digit numbers in successive layers of the tetrahedron are all related to triangular numbers, but no information is given

about their starting point or direction. The numbers in the first, fourth, and fifth layers are respectively the first, fourth, and fifth powers of triangular numbers. The numbers in the second and third

By Rhombus

layers are respectively the sum of the squares and the sum of the cubes of two triangular numbers.

When the digits have been inserted in the diagram, it will be seen that on each face one of the ten digits is missing from the fifteen digits on view.

Solution of No. 1,570

O	A	F	E	C	R	U	A	L	O	O	F
V	O	L	T	A	I	R	E	A	N	C	E
L	E	A	N	D	P	A	M	I	E	R	R
E	R	M	P	A	N	A	E	L	L	A	E
M	N	I	S	K	I	S	N	O	L	L	O
I	S	K	I	S	N	O	L	L	O	L	O
S	N	O	L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	O
N	O	L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	O
O	L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	L	O
L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	L	L	O
L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	L	L	O
L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	L	L	O
L	L	O	L	L	O	L	L	L	L	L	O

1st prize: F. Fereday (Ewell); 2nd prize: R. W. Killick (London, S.W.14); 3rd prize: Miss N. Butler (Stoke-on-Trent)

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Condemned to Hunger?

For many people, refugees among them, to-day will be another day of hunger. (The Children "are reduced to eating roots of grass" reports an Algerian relief worker.)

Hunger hits the young hardest. Those who are barely alive cannot wait—for them the very chance to survive depends on help from overseas coming quickly.

Send to Press Relief, c/o Barclays Bank Ltd., Old Bank, High Street, Oxford.

10/- provides a daily hot meal for 2 weeks for a child in an Algerian refugee camp, under a new feeding scheme.

£5 provides daily vitamin requirements for 10 people for a year, or daily hot milk for 40 children in Hong Kong for 1 month.

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